

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

MR. THOMAS HARDY, in the preface to his new volume of poems, says: "The road to a true philosophy of life seems to lie in humbly regarding divergent impressions of its meaning, as they occur." The first poem in the book is "V.R., 1819 1901." Then follow war poems, poems of pilgrimage, and miscellaneous pieces.

THE scene of Mr. Edmund Gosse's "ironic fantasy," *Hypolympia*, is laid in a northern European island, in the twentieth century, and the volume consists of twelve tableaux in dramatic form, partly in verse, but mainly in prose. The little book is a rhapsody on the function of hope in a finite life.

WE have not found any difficulty hitherto in distinguishing between the writings of Tolstoy *père* and Tolstoy *fils*. But it seems from a letter addressed by Tolstoy the younger to the *Vossische Zeitung* that there has been confusion, especially in Germany. Tolstoy the younger suggests that in future any works written by him, if translated into German, should be distinguished from those of his father by indicating their author as "Leo Tolstoy son."

MR. J. E. B. MAYOR sends the following to *The Classical Review*, under the title "Charles Lamb also among the Prophets":

In the twentieth volume (Berlin, Schwetschke, 1901) of the *Theologischer Jahresbericht*, p. 178, is a curious proof that bibliographical industry may cast its net too wide. Under the heading "Israelitische Religionsgeschichte" I find: "*Lamb, C., Essays of Elia. 2nd series. N.Y. Scribner (London, Macmillan).*" I gladly bear witness to the general accuracy and astonishing diligence of the contributors to this serial, which stands at the head of its department.

THE *Sketch* states that the firm of Americans who started the cheap reprint of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in this country, and were also responsible for the *Standard Library of Famous Literature* and several other similar undertakings, has made a profit of over a quarter of a million sterling.

WE regret to hear of the serious illness of Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, author of *John Inglesant*. Added to the severe suffering caused by muscular rheumatism is an internal trouble which prevents the system receiving proper nourishment. Mr. Shorthouse is sixty-seven.

WE have received from Messrs. Cassell & Co. the first part of *The Nation's Pictures*, a portfolio containing reproductions in colour of "O Mistress Mine," by Mr. Abbey; "Autumn," by Mr. Alfred East; "Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon," by Mr. Orchardson; and "An Idyll," by Mr. Grieffenhagen. All are good. The reproduction in colour of Mr. Grieffenhagen's beautiful picture, "An Idyll," is particularly successful.

MR. F. WELLS, "a humorous bibliophile of Boston," has projected himself into the twenty-second century, and has returned with a number of notes of a book-collector, which he has handed to the Editor of the *Critic* (New York) for publication. Here are a few:

My Last Visit to America, by Henry James. Translated into English by Brander Matthews and Harry Thurston Peck, author of *Peck's Bad English*. Scotch Notes, by J. M. Barrie. Indiana Notes, by Booth Tarkington. Pink Paper Edition.

I and the Empire, by Rudyard Kipling, poet laureate of the Anglo-Saxon Empire from 1904 to 1934, author of one hundred and thirteen volumes of pamphlets, treatises on military tactics, street-car advertisements, and doggerel. Is mentioned in his own time as having written tales of adventure, most of which were destroyed in the Irish invasion of 1937. Two copies of the *Jungle Book* remain, and are to be found in the Roosevelt Menagerie Library in New York. This copy is of the famous Elephant's Head Edition of 1913. Uncut.

My Political Career, by Samuel L. Clemens, pseudonym Mark Twain, a political writer and controversialist of the Twentieth Century. In his own day widely known as a humorist.

MR. F. C. VERNON-HARCOURT, "once a well-known figure in histrionic circles, but now a successful conductor of missions," is about to publish his autobiography. It is to be called *From Stage to Cross*. This would seem to offer an opportunity to Mr. Wilson Barrett.

THE *Dial* (Chicago), in its issue of October 1, devotes fourteen and a-half columns to reviews of recent poetry. "The names, for the most part," remarks the reviewer, "are unknown to fame." In the advertisement columns of the same journal a new novel is announced as demonstrating, "through the great principle of the universality of natural laws, the principle upon which all science rests, that the Darwinian theory of evolution and all undulatory theories are alike absurd and impossible."

THE unpublished MSS. of the brothers de Goncourt have just been deposited at the Bibliothèque Nationale. They contain the correspondence of Jules and Edmond from 1851 to 1896, as well as the "Journal" covering the same period. The portfolios containing the MSS. are not to be opened for twenty years.

MR. A. C. MCCLURG, of Chicago, has ready *A History of American Verse*, by Mr. J. L. Onderdonk, covering the subject from the colonial period to the close of the nineteenth century.

THE following communication from a would-be contributor has the interest of novelty:

Mr. — sends the enclosed contributions on approval, and hopes that if they are suitable the Editor will write in order that other copies may be recalled, and that if they are unsuitable the Editor will kindly return them in the stamped envelope. N.B. The contributions are *short serious* poems, suitable for a small empty space.

AMERICA has already read and reviewed Gorki's novel, *Foma Gordyeff*, for which in England we are still waiting. Gorki's real name, by the way, is Alexei Maximovitch Pyeshkoff. He was born in Nizhni Nóvgorod on March 14, 1868 or 1869 (he says), in the family of his grandfather, the painter Vasily Vasilievitch Kashirin. His father died when he was five years of age. Gorki's adventures as cook's boy on a Volga steamer, man of all work at Kozan, railway watchman at Gzaritzyn, beerseller at Nizhni Novgorod, and finally as an author, are set forth by Miss Hapgood the translator of the forthcoming novel. Meanwhile America's judgment is not specially favourable. One critic says: "The immense talent of the author is evidenced on every page, but the story, on the whole, is disappointing, and, toward the end, becomes a trifle wearisome. It is really little better than a series of episodes and interminable discourses, the burden of which is the appalling ugliness of social conditions. But while Gorki speaks with ferocious derision of all institutions, he has nothing to put in their place. He does not preach any positive doctrine and has no system of constructive philosophy. He is satisfied with the conviction that our existence is an evil, that there should be no curb on the passions, that the only thing admirable in life is individual strength and passion, and that life itself should be a desperate search after something which, if found, would account for it, but which can never be found because it does not exist! The work is full of similar incoherences and contradictions." We shall see.

MR. SAMUEL BUTLER, whose *Erewhon Revisited* appears this week, has to his credit several books. His critical essay, *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, is good reading whether we accept the "authoress" or not. *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited* are now published together. The Preface to the first edition of *Erewhon* (1872) was simply this:

The Author wishes it to be understood that *Erewhon* is pronounced as a word of three syllables, all short—thus, E-rë-whôn.

Upon this clever satirical fantasy Mr. Butler spent ten years, whereas, he tells us, *Erewhon Revisited* was written easily between November, 1900, and the end of April, 1901. And he adds:

There is no central idea underlying *Erewhon*, whereas the attempt to realise the effect of a single supposed great miracle dominates the whole of its successor. In *Erewhon* there was hardly any story, and little attempt to give life and individuality to the characters; I hope that in *Erewhon Revisited* both these defects have been in great measure avoided. *Erewhon* was not an organic whole, *Erewhon Revisited* may fairly claim to be one. Nevertheless, though in literary workmanship I do not doubt that this last-named book is an improvement on the first, I shall be agreeably surprised if I am not told that *Erewhon*, with all its faults, is the better reading of the two.

In his preface to *Erewhon Revisited*, Mr. Butler sets his readers right on one important point—his beliefs. "I have never ceased to profess myself a member of the more advanced wing of the English Broad Church. What those who belong to this wing believe, I believe. What they reject, I reject."

"THE works of the 'localisers' I have not read," says Mr. Andrew Lang in introducing his study of Tennyson just added by Messrs. Blackwood to their "Modern English Writers" series. "The professed commentators I have not consulted." "I have not dwelt on parallels to be found in the works of earlier poets." Mr. Lang seems to have thrown over a great deal of lumber, and he is surely right when he says: "After all, what we must live by is, not his opinions, but his poetry. The poetry of Milton survives his ideas; whatever may be the fate of the ideas of Tennyson his poetry must endure."

AMERICAN critics are wrestling with those problems of popularity in literature which in England have been handled so interestingly by Mr. E. A. Bennett. The latest see-saw is a defence by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton of such novels as Miss Johnston's, Mr. Leicester Ford's, and Mr. Winston Churchill's. Even Mrs. Atherton, however, merely pleads that these prodigiously circulated stories "must have done much toward educating our immense lower middle class." She looks to the future, and says: "The truth is, there are as many separate publics for as many varieties of the novel as can be devised; and that, with our growing wealth, educational facilities, and independence of character, to say nothing of flights to Europe on incomes ranging from a hundred thousand a year to five hundred economised dollars, there is no reason in the world why Mr. Henry James should not have a following of fifty thousand in the course of the next decade, nor why *Tom Jones* should not be revived with the same enthusiasm as recently attended the rebirth of the emasculated *Wandering Jew*."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Morning Post* propounds a riddle which, in a less concrete form, has puzzled ourselves considerably from time to time. He asks: "When is an author not an author? I mean: John Smith wrote an *Algebra* twenty years ago. He goes the way of all flesh, and fifteen years later James Brown revises the *Algebra*, which is still published as Smith's. Five years later, again, George Robinson re-writes the Brown-Smith *Algebra*, and Prof. Jones, F.R.S., supplies the work with a preface. Is Smith's *Algebra* still on the market as the publishers lead us to suppose? Anyone who scans an educational catalogue in almost any department of learning will admit the pertinence of this query, and we hesitate to pronounce on the morality of the practice. An analogy will, perhaps, be helpful. A man buys an umbrella; next year he has it recovered; another time, new ribs are put in; a new stick follows next, and fresh mounts are added subsequently. Is it still the same umbrella? Zeno's paradoxes are nothing to this."

THE clever fiction parodist who disports himself in *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow* has this month selected *Richard Calmady the Younger* as his whipping-post. And his flicking and lashing is of the liveliest. We beg to lift the first three chapters:

I.

The birth of an heir to Sir Richard and Honoria came in due course. Whether the prize Dachshunds were too absorbing, or whether Lady Calmady had been reading too much gynecological fiction, or whether the child merely took after its father, is still a moot point; but, be it as it may, the new Richard Calmady was, like the old, born without legs. Father and son stared at each other. Between them they hadn't a leg to stand on.

II.

Lady Calmady did not learn the dread news for some weeks. At last it was impossible to keep it from her longer, and Dr. Knott was deputed to break it with his customary tact.

He entered the sick room with a bang, hurled the nurse out of it, and flung himself into the armchair at Lady Calmady's bedside.

"Madam," he said, bringing down a heavy fist on the sleeping babe in her arms, "madam, it's another freak."

III.

Lady Calmady stood by the window. The Dachshunds must die, she had said, and the deed of extermination had begun. Chifney, the chief kennel-man, was administering prussic acid in the middle of the lawn. Lady Calmady watched with heroic fortitude: her mother-in-law could not have shown finer self-control. Last of the Dachshunds came her own favourite, Edward Longshanks. He gave

one despairing glance at her window, barked pathetically, and fell with a dull thud.

"To-morrow," said Honoria, turning to Julius, the pale monk beside her, "to-morrow we will begin to keep ostriches."

THE controversy on "Fabian Fatuities" in the *Daily News* has drawn a long and characteristic letter from Mr. Bernard Shaw, in which his general argument is perhaps less interesting than his *obiter dicta*. One of these is a bitter comment on our South African commissariat arrangements:

What do you suppose, Mr. Editor, seems to me the most disgraceful fact in the whole war? Forcing men to attend the executions of their friends, perhaps? Or shooting under cover of the white flag? Not a bit of it. If you may hang one enemy, why not force another to see you doing it, if it annoys him sufficiently? A white-flag incident is only a particular sort of ambush: whether a man lures me within gunshot by hiding behind a stone or waving his handkerchief on a stick matters nothing to me if he hits me when he fires. No: what makes me feel savage is that we have killed our own men by thousands because we had not energy and capacity enough to boil or distil their drinking water. After that there is no use in waving flags and scattering Victoria Crosses and talking about the gallantry of our soldiers. It means that we are good-for-nothing duffers, miserable, hysterical sycophants, who, having no officers and no statesmen, are content to dress up a few chance donkeys in lion skins and togas and pretend that they are Cæsars and Solons.

WE understand that among seventy new members of the Dante Society are H.R.H. the Duke of Abruzzi, Count Costa, Count Plunkett, Lord Windsor, Mr. Choate, the Archbishop of Armagh, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, Mr. Paget Toynbee, Mr. Asquith, and Prof. Saintsbury. The Dante cult was never more prosperous than now.

MORE English as she is wrote. The writer of a German trade circular, of recent date, introduces himself as a "manufactory of water-tight and fire-proof clothes for mining and industrial works," and he promises to send everything "free pockage fixed for cash." He says: "Since long time in mining and resembling works the fact is known and unpleasantly perceived, that leather clothes, which mostly have been used till now, by no means can suffice for the claims to be called for water-tight clothes. Therefore instead of leather clothes such ones of oiled or caoutchouced stuff have been tried to use, but these also have the inconvenience to be too much too heavy and incommode to hinder the free movement of workmen." He concludes as follows: "Proves of stuff and whole clothes will be sent to, when desired."

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us reviving the familiar proposal that a series of epicene pronouns should be incorporated in the language. In consequence of their absence a writer is compelled to use such phrases as "he or she," "him or her." Our correspondent suggests that the following words (all of which, we think, have been proposed before) should be brought into use:

Heesh	for	He or She.
Himmer	„	Him or Her.
Hizzer	„	His or Her.
Hizzers	„	His or Hers.

It is sometimes bruited that Dickens's reign is nearing its end. We do not believe it. But whether he is read as much formerly or not, his influence appears to be recognised as active in literature. Mr. Edmund Gosse points out in an article in the *International Monthly*, from which we have already quoted, that Mr. Meredith's early debt to Dickens can be easily assessed. More novel, if less convincing, is "Claudius Clear's" contention in this week's *British Weekly* that in *Kim* Mr. Kipling has followed Dickens's method of conceiving character and has even imitated some of his episodes.

THE Elizabethan Society is doing useful work, and has as its programme for the winter season shows, the support of some prominent workers in this field of literature. It is anxious to extend its scope, and we can recommend all students to consider its advantages. The new programme is as follows:

October 9—

"Shakespeare's Justice Shallow not a Satire on Sir Thomas Lucy."

BY MRS. C. C. STOPES.

November 6—

"Concerning Alfred the Great."

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

December 4—

"An Elizabethan Conception of Beauty."

BY FREDERICK ROGERS.

January 8—

"Thomas Shadwell."

BY WILLIAM G. HUTCHISON.

February 5—

"Shakespeare and Contemporary German Criticism."

BY MISS ELIZABETH LEE.

March 5—

"Shakespeare's Prose."

BY SIDNEY LEE.

April 9—

"Inigo Jones and his Masques."

BY ERNEST RHYS.

May 7—

"The Maid of Honour: an Unpublished Romance (of the Seventeenth Century) by Sir Henry North."

BY A. H. BULLEN.

On the other Wednesdays of the session the society will meet at eight o'clock to read the plays of Thomas Middleton.

The meetings take place at Toynbee Hall.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS's proposal to initiate a series of Folios which may prove a type and exemplar of modern book-making makes a beginning with the first part (one of forty) of an edition of Shakespeare. It is a noble and comely production, a delight to the eye and to the touch. Mr. W. E. Henley, who is responsible for the text, will keep as close to the First Folio (1623) as he can, and "will trust to common-sense and a becoming reverence for his Author for the rest."

ANOTHER beautiful edition of Shakespeare is the "Windsor" edition of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh. It is a one-play one-volume edition in maroon canvas, lettered and designed in gold. The photogravure frontispieces, consisting of portraits and views, are admirable. Mr. Henry N. Hudson has supplied introductions and notes. The footnotes are of the appreciative as well as merely expository kind, and some readers of the straiter sect may think that the indication of beauties in the text is slightly overdone, as where Mr. Hudson says: "This is the artfullest and most telling stroke in Antony's speech," but Mr. Hudson is a very interesting commentator, whose maxim is that annotations to Shakespeare can and should be entertaining. Hence the more technical and scholarly notes are placed at the end of each play, the footnotes being such as can be at once assimilated. We imagine that this will be as popular as it is certainly a most comely and cheap edition. The price of each volume is 2s. net, and the first eight volumes are ready. Any volume can be purchased separately.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS send us a big box of Christmas cards, almanacks, children's booklets, &c.—a budget of artistic kindness we may call it. Christmas card seems, however, a poor term to apply to some of these productions. Large and highly finished photogravures and landscapes call for a more sounding name. One singularly

artistic New Year card represents 1902 as a child among corn, the whole being carried out in imitation of a copper bas-relief with great success. In the production of such dainties Messrs. Tuck are past masters.

MR. W. S. GILBERT'S "letter of congratulation" to Mr. Clement Scott on the occasion of the "grand birthday double number" of *The Free Lance* is characteristic. "Dear Scott," it begins,

Your ideas as to the duties and privileges of dramatic critics are so diametrically opposed to mine that I think we had better let matters rest as they are. Nor do I think that the fact that you will have achieved sixty years on the 6th October is a reason for a general jubilation. I am sixty-five, and nobody seems to care.

I bear no ill-will towards you, but I have an excellent memory.—Yours truly,
W. S. GILBERT.

We presume Mr. Gilbert did not regard Mr. Archer's "Real Conversation" as a birthday present.

Bibliographical.

I READ, concerning the late Major-General Drayson, that he was the author of a standard work on *The Art of Practical Whist*, and that he wrote also on billiards, geological and astronomical subjects, and sport in South Africa. That is so. The book on *Practical Whist* reached a fifth edition in 1892, and in January of last year General Drayson brought out a little work on *Intellectual Whist: Conversations, Discussions, and Anecdotes on the Great Game*. His *Untrodden Ground in Astronomy and Geology* appeared in 1890; a new edition of his *Among the Zulus* in 1891. So recently as last year we had from him *Early Days among the Boers*; or, *Diamond Hunters of South Africa*, which, however, was only a new edition (with a new title) of a book brought out by him originally in 1889. I find he wrote *The White Chief of the Caffirs* (1886), *From Keeper to Captain* (1888), and *Thirty Thousand Years of the Earth's History* (1888). But surely, in his younger days, General Drayson was a contributor of adventure-stories to a boys' magazine which I read "in the days of my youth"? Perhaps some of my contemporaries, with a better memory than mine for boyhood's reading, may be able to tell me.

Messrs. Wells Gardner have an excellent excuse for bringing out a new edition of Mrs. Sherwood's *Fairchild Family* (albeit condensed). There has been no issue of the tale, apparently, since 1889. The worthy authoress seems to maintain her popularity fairly well. Her *Little Woodman and his Dog Cesar* came out at sixpence last year; her book of reminiscences, *Here, There, and Everywhere*, was published over here in 1898; in the previous year we had had the opportunity of reading her *Epistle to Posterity; being Rambling Recollections of Many Years of My Life*; and previously to that came her *Art of Entertaining* (1892), her *Henry Milner* (1891), her *Popular Stories* (1891), her *Indian Pilgrim* (1890), and so forth.

I understand that the little book called *Some Recollections of Jean Ingelow and Her Early Friends* is from the pen of a very near relative. It is pleasantly written, and is, of course, trustworthy; but it is permissible to regret that the task of writing the biography of Jean Ingelow was not laid upon the shoulders of a competent man-of-letters.

In addition to the illustrated *History of English Literature* promised us by Mr. Heinemann, and the elaborate new edition of Messrs. Chambers's *Encyclopædia of English Literature* (which is in effect a history), we are to have, it seems, a *History of English Literature, from its Beginning to Tennyson*, from Messrs. Methuen. It is gratifying to gather from all this, that the public is taking an enormous interest

in our literary works and record, but is there not some chance of the subject being over-done? The "histories," "handbooks," "manuals," "outlines," and so forth, which have been devoted to the topic during the last decade alone, are legion. To name only a few: *Outlines*, by Ryland (1890), *History*, by W. H. Low (1890-94), *History*, by B. Ten Brink (1893-6), *Outlines*, by W. Renton (1893), *Short History*, by E. S. Kirkland (1893), *Chaucer to Tennyson*, by Pencoast (1893), *History*, by J. Logie Robertson (1894), *Biographical History*, by Morell (1895), *Short History*, by Meiklejohn (1896), *History*, by Stopford Brooke, (1897), *History*, by George Saintsbury (1898), *Short History*, by T. P. Marshall (1898), *History*, by John Dennis (1899), *History*, by A. J. Wyatt (1900), and so on, and so on.

And, during these ten years or so, there have been new editions galore of such books on English literature as F. A. Laing's *History* (1892), Pryde's *Biographical Outlines* (1894), Austin Dobson's *Handbook* (ed. Griffin, 1897), and Thomas Arnold's *Manual* (1897). In my own view, a history of English literature cannot be written satisfactorily by one man, or even by two or three; it must be written by a body of experts. Most works of the kind have had the fatal faults of superficiality, of opinions expressed at second-hand, of an assumption of knowledge where there was little or none. No one man, however industrious, can compass the whole field of English literature—not even if he devotes his whole life to it, which one is rarely able to do. Even our "professors" of the subject would be obliged to admit, if pressed, that they could lay no claim to omniscience concerning English literature "from the beginning, to Tennyson."

Messrs. Bell are credited with the intention of producing a series of books, mainly for young women, the first of which is to be a new edition of Mrs. Jameson's *Shakespeare's Heroines*, with illustrations by Mr. Anning Bell. No doubt Mr. Bell's drawings will be all that could be desired, but are they wanted in this particular connexion? Messrs. Bell published, in 1897, an edition of *Shakespeare's Heroines*, illustrated by photographic portraits of popular actresses in favourite Shakespeare parts—Miss Ellen Terry as Beatrice and others, Miss Ada Rehan as Katherine and others, Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Juliet, Miss Mary Anderson as Hermione, and so forth. Would not these portraits appeal more powerfully to girls than any number of new drawings? I may add that I think it a pity that the original title of Mrs. Jameson's book should have been dropped, even in favour of one more directly descriptive. *Characteristics of Women—Moral, Poetical, and Historical*: that is what Mrs. Jameson called her work.

Mr. Punch's *Dramatic Sequels*, which are to appear shortly in volume form, are, of course, written in the vein of parody or banter. Treated seriously, the subject would yield material for a very readable little book. "The Ticket of Leave Man" was followed by "The Ticket of Leave Man's Wife," "Our American Cousin" by "Lord Dundreary Married and Settled"—two instances which occur to me now out of the many which might be named. Sequels to popular stories might also be dealt with in the same volume; the latest instance being that of the newly-published *Erewhon Revisited*. Something, too, might be said about prologues to plays and to novels. An English writer of our day has written a play leading up to the action in one of Dr. Ibsen's dramas. Mrs. Clive, after telling what happened after Paul Ferroll killed his wife, produced another narrative describing why he killed her. These are among the curiosities of literature.

Announcement is made of a story by "Dick Donovan," to be called *Jim the Penman*. This is the title of a well-known play by the late Sir Charles Young, with whom, however, it may not have been original. There was, I believe, an actual "Jim the Penman."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

An Anthology of Conversions.

Roads to Rome: Being Personal Records of some of the More Recent Converts to the Catholic Faith. With an Introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE sixty-five spiritual histories which form this book are remarkable reading. At the same time the interest and importance of the sketches vary considerably, and a weightier effect would have been produced by encouraging the thirty more capable writers to fill the space occupied by the less capable. But the difficulties of editorship must have been great, and Cardinal Vaughan's introductory warning to the critics is not overdone. What we have here is a miscellany of personal narratives, and each narrative is itself rather a miscellany of episodes, selected memories, and phases of thought than a closely knit autobiography. The wonder is that so many interesting people could be persuaded to attempt a task of confession and analysis such as a man may well postpone until his latest leisure, or leave undone. All these writers have been through deep waters, and believe that they have passed from darkness to light. We should not describe them as "all sorts and conditions of men," yet their personalities and occupations are sufficiently various. Some have made longer journeys than others, having journeyed from total unbelief or indifference to the arms of an "infallible" Church. In one case a member of the National Secular Society, a friend of Mr. Bradlaugh, was led to examine spiritualism, whereby he became convinced of a future life. A chance visit to the Oratory in the Brompton-road seems to have done the rest, though we readily admit that the inevitable *lacuna* in these brief narratives ought not to be taken advantage of by the critic, for in every case the process of conviction was probably longer and more complex than the pen has written. A Baptist minister and a Unitarian minister tell the stories of their momentous decisions, made in each case in mature years. Among lay converts we have a barrister, a novelist, a naval officer, a professor of anatomy, a publisher, and an ex-judge. But in the majority of cases it is the naturally ecclesiastical mind with which we have to deal, and more than twenty times we find the Anglican priest becoming the Roman Catholic priest. Nothing in the book is so striking as the preparation for Rome which Ritualism affords to its lovers. Again and again we seem to be watching the progress of a mind to which ecclesiasticism is meat and drink, and not seldom in the course of a candid narrative we find the step from Low to High Church described in terms of thankfulness only inferior to those employed for the final entry into the Church in which ecclesiasticism puts forth all its power and beauty. The effect on the lay reader of the book is weakened by this pervading circumstance. He often feels that he is studying the effects of temperament rather than the call of faith. A passage like the following is so churchy that it excites a smile. It has almost the heightened tone which a half-satirical novelist might give:

The "wicket-gate" by which I entered . . . was St. Michael's, Brighton, where the services, though out of the same prayer-book as we had at St. John the Baptist's, were yet as different as a fine day is from a wet one. I became converted at once. Yes, it was a case of instantaneous conversion. I was introduced to Mr. Beanlands, the incumbent of St. Michael's, at the house of the Rev. John Purchas, whither a friend took me for an evening party. I took to Mr. Beanlands and he to me, I went to his church, and from that day until I became attached to St. Bartholomew's, I loved that little church with a passionate devotion, being never happy away from it. I became detached from my home in a degree which would not be commended to a Catholic, and spent every spare moment at St. Michael's. Its friends became mine; its

religion mine. There I made my first Communion on a Maundy Thursday, having been prepared for it and for Confirmation by Mr. Beanlands.

This apologist was a Churchman through and through, and his conversion to Rome seems to have been—we can say it, we hope, without the least offence—of a professional kind. He passed from Church to Church in the warmed atmosphere of Church. High Anglicanism satisfied him for many years.

Yet through all the happy hubbub of children's voices, bright evenings, processions and recessions, High Celebrations, school treats, choir breakfasts, concerts, and entertainments, there was a word which rang ever and louder in my ears, and that word was ROME. Somehow it seemed to me to rhyme with "Home" (as indeed it did).

As indeed it did. "Up to the last day of my ministry in the Church of England," he informs us, "I believed in my Orders. It was the last rope to which I clung. . . . The storm burst midway in the reading of the *Apologia*. When the last page was reached—indeed, before—I was a castaway. I could not resist the logic of the great thinker, the great convert." In the same strain of ingrained ecclesiasticism many of these converts pour out their experiences, until one fancies that what they sought was not so much truth as a more imposing and completer setting for truth. For example, in one paper we have this description of a High Church priest's dissatisfaction: "I had to go on Sundays to the village church. I used to rub my eyes, and say to myself, 'Is that man a Catholic priest?' as the grey-bearded parson read 'Dearly beloved' in a sing-song, or sprawled over the north end of the Communion-table. I could not stay away from Communion on Sundays; yet I thought it almost certain that I had made only a spiritual Communion." The italics, which are ours, mark his conviction, so difficult to the "broad-minded" layman, that the Church sanctifies the faith, and not the faith the Church. Miss Adeline Sergeant, the novelist, tells how it tried her to reflect that she had probably no right to use the prayers of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bernard which she found in her Anglican books of devotion, since these saints would have utterly repudiated the Church to which she belonged.

As the way to Rome through Ritualism is the widest and best trodden road in this book, so is Newman, who footed it alone, the most frequently honoured guide. Indeed, the book is one long testimony to his influence. Hardly a writer fails to mention him, and a great many name him as their most decisive counsellor. He led them like a kindly light to the Light. "Cardinal Newman was, under God, the chief factor in my conversion," begins one writer, and he ends by quoting Newman's rapturous words at the end of his "Discourse to Mixed Congregations":

Oh! long sought after, tardily found, desire of the eyes, joy of the heart, the truth after many shadows, the fulness after many foretastes, the home after many storms . . . how can you doubt that she (the Catholic and Roman Church) is the messenger for whom ye seek? . . . Come to her, poor wanderers, come to her, for she it is, and she alone, who can unfold to you the meaning of your being and the secret of your destiny.

"Certainly I owe more to Newman than to any one else," writes "A Barrister." After reading Newman another barrister, who became a Roman Catholic priest, was actually able to see "the whole Papacy, infallibility and all, as a corollary to Butler's *Analogy*." But, he adds,

The work that settled all my doubts, perplexities, and hesitations was one of a lighter sort. In *Loss and Gain* I found my fears drawn out and marshalled in dire array; they pressed me close and pierced me through and through. And then I saw my old bugbear, Catholic subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, in a light new to me indeed, but true beyond dispute. And what an ugly monster it was!—ugly and monstrous, not because it

disclosed itself as a baser piece of quibbling than was ever invented by pettifogging attorney (though that was my ultimate and free conclusion), but because I saw that there is something lower than a quibble, and that is a religious compromise.

Among the literary influences noted, none is quainter than that of Dr. Littledale's well-known work, *Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome*. This book has been regarded as a sovereign specific against the Papistical virus, and doubtless, when taken in time, it has restrained many restive Anglicans and Dissenters from "going over." But just as certain medicines act differently on the same patient according to the stage of his malady, so the *Plain Reasons* seem to defeat their own end if they are introduced into a mind that is halting on the verge of decision. Their effect, then, is to precipitate the doubter into the arms of the Pope. "Dr. Littledale's work, *Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome*, gave me a great push," says one convert, formerly an Anglican curate, "I found it a shameless mass of untruths, misrepresentations, and misquotations." The Rev. Robert Bracey, priest of the Order of St. Dominic, writes: "Among books sent to me at this time was one which was an especial help, and took away the very last lingering doubt—Littledale's *Plain Reasons*. I compared it with Father Ryder's reply, and it had upon me an effect hardly intended by its author." Another convert and priest is outspoken: "Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons* is a book gangrened with falsehood. These falsehoods have been exposed over and over again by Catholic writers." "This book finally helped me to become a Catholic," says another, who tested its statements by reference to the Latin and Greek authorities; and a professor of anatomy, who took the same trouble, though at first struck dumb by its arguments, was quickly set at rest by Dr. Ryder's equally well-known reply, *Catholic Controversy*. "And now I should like to know which of those two books made a Catholic of me?" is his comment.

The instruments by which these converts were led into the fold are less important than the attractions of the fold itself. On these we shall say little. The unity and authority of the Roman Catholic Church are, throughout these experiences, the most irresistible and prevailing of her qualities, just as the disunity and lack of authority in the Anglican Church appear to some minds to be her fatal weakness. The ecclesiastical mind necessarily presses toward Rome. It may stop short, but thitherward it must press because all ecclesiasticism outside of Rome is felt to be amateurish even by the most loyal adherents of the Anglican Church. Of course deeper and more heartfelt issues are involved, but few High Anglicans can suppress the feeling that Rome offers that whole of which his own Church offers the part. That is the note of these confessions, and it will appeal to the reader or it will not. But apart from assent and dissent, the book is extremely interesting. Its human touches and humours (if we may use the word) are many. A passage like this, for example, helps one to realise the uses of the Underground, and the complexity and variety of men's business and desires as their faces flash by:

I went up to London, took the Underground to South Kensington, and, leaving my portmanteau at the station, I went with trembling heart to ring the bell of the Oratory and to ask for "one of the Fathers." A good Father duly appeared in a parlour. "I have come," I said rather feebly, "because I have been for a long time troubled about the claims of the Roman Church. Will you give me some advice?" I was relieved when he laughed: "Well, if you want my advice, of course I advise you to join it!" After this I laughed too, and we were at once excellent friends. The next day (St. Nicholas) I was reconciled, and the day following I made my first Communion.

One good story, and we must make an end. It is from Mr. Kegan Paul's interesting paper, and is applicable to a

difficulty very common among those who go to Rome in the flesh before they do so in the spirit:

A distinguished ecclesiastic was talking in Rome with a lady who, while in England, had shown some disposition towards the Church, but lamented that in the Holy City she had seen much that was to her quite disedifying, and quite unlike the pious practices she had known at home. He replied, "*Ah, madame, il ne faut pas regarder de si près la cuisine du Bon Dieu.*"

We are not sure that the weightiest words in this interesting collection are not those of Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins). They are very brief and simple, but they reflect the best and final pronouncement of any sincere convert. "It was the result of my deliberate conviction that the truth—which was all I sought—lay within the Catholic Church. I thought the matter out by myself, anxiously and seriously, uninfluenced by any human being, and I have unwavering satisfaction in the conclusion at which I have arrived, and my conscience tells me it is right."

The Claim of the Artist.

Gioconda. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Arthur Symonds. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

To the plain man, the man who hates all affectations, poses, and exotics, the man who remembers the perfect sincerity and straightforwardness of the classic masterpieces, there is something disconcerting, if not actually repellent, in the first glimpses of this play. It seems to be deliberately unusual, it seems wantonly to annoy that precious instinct of commonsense and social decency which always prevents the man of right reason from appearing too conspicuously different from his fellows. The dedication runs: "For Eleanora Duse of the beautiful hands." Why for, instead of to? Why of the beautiful hands? Is it entirely correct thus publicly to particularise the charms of a woman whom one admires? Why Eleanora Duse at all—after the singular, the unspeakable portrait of La Foscara in the author's novel *Il Fuoco*? The stage directions begin: "A quiet foursquare room, in which the arrangement of everything indicates a search after a singular harmony, revealing the secret of a profound correspondence between the visible lines and the quality of the inhabiting mind that has chosen and loved them. . . . Two large windows are open on the garden beneath; through one of them can be seen, rising against the placid fields of the sky, the little hill of San Miniato . . . and the church of the Cronaca, 'la Bella Villanella,' the purest vessel of Franciscan simplicity." The plain man naturally exclaims: "Secret of a profound fiddlestick!" He thinks of Bedford Park, minor magazines of high culture, and all Artiness and Craftiness. He stolidly objects to the commingling of architectural criticism with instructions to a stage-carpenter; there is a time for all things, and he is well assured that d'Annunzio has chosen the wrong moment to inform him that a certain church is the purest vessel of Franciscan simplicity. In one word, one word at once vulgar and unavoidable—Rubbish!

In our quality of being plain, we, too, were irritated by all this circus-caracoling of a soul too self-consciously "ar.istic." We were continually irritated in reading the play. We had no sooner recovered from the Franciscan simplicity of the Bella Villanella than we were overset by "*a pause, burdened with a thousand undefined and inevitable things.*" We tried to imagine how the page of another play would look if it were rubricated thus:

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms with a
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within. A Pause, burdened with a
thousand undefined and inevitable things.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me when every noise appals me?

It is a mercy that Shakespeare happened to live before the infected age of artiness! We refuse to consider what *Hamlet* would have been if Shakespeare had written it under the obsession that no one must for a single instant be allowed to forget what a terrific artist he was and what an inexpressibly deep feeling for art actuated and controlled his least utterance.

We do not wish to lay too much stress on the lesser phenomena of d'Annunzio's productions. But these dedications, these solemn asides, and a thousand other trifles in his plays and his novels, do really point to the gravest defect of his individuality—namely, the tendency to magnify Art (with the majuscule) at the expense of all else, to pretend that nothing is worth aught save artistic beauty and the ability to perceive the same, and finally to go about beneath a banner with the legend: "Watch me, I am an artist, not a man." The fact is, d'Annunzio is as foolishly sentimental about Art as your English novelist is about Love. He can't talk about anything else. He has got it on the brain. He is a creature of one idea.

And having so vented our English spleen against the antics of this excessively self-conscious Latin decadent, we are at liberty to say with all heartiness that, in the essential qualities of imagination and of form, *Gioconda* is an extremely fine play—nearly fine enough to crush the prejudice which it arouses. Of course it is preoccupied with Art, and of course the hero is an artist. These things must be, with d'Annunzio. Lucio Settala is a sculptor, and at the beginning of the piece we find him recovering from an attempt to commit suicide. Lucio was hopelessly divided in his allegiance between two women, his wife, Silvia, and Gioconda, the woman whom the artist in him loved. He sought death as an escape, but failed. Convalescent, unhappy as ever, he discusses the hopeless situation with his friend, Cosimo Dalbo. Cosimo advises that "goodness will give him light."

LUCIO SETTALA.

Goodness! goodness! Do you think, then, that light must come from goodness, and not from that profound instinct which turns and hurries my spirit towards the most glorious images of life? I was born to make statues. When a material form has gone out of my hands with the imprint of beauty, the office assigned to me by nature is fulfilled. I have not exceeded my own law, whether or not I have exceeded the laws of right. Is it not exactly true? Do you admit it?

COSIMO DALBO.

Proceed.

LUCIO SETTALA.

[Lowering his voice] The sport of illusion has mated me with a creature who was never meant for me. She is a soul of inestimable price, before whom I kneel and worship. But I am not a sculptor of souls. She was not meant for me. When the other appeared before me, I thought of all the blocks of marble hidden in the caves of far mountains, that I might arrest in each of them one of her motions.

And this is part of his portrait of "the other," Gioconda:

LUCIO SETTALA.

She is always diverse, like a cloud that from instant to instant seems changed without your seeing its change. Every motion of her body destroys one harmony and creates another yet more beautiful. You implore her to stay, to remain motionless; and across all her immobility there passes a torrent of obscure forces, as thoughts pass in the eyes. Do you understand? Do you understand? The life of the eyes is the look, that indefinable thing, more expressive than any word, than any sound, infinitely deep

and yet instantaneous as a breath, swifter than a flash, innumerable, omnipotent: in a word, *the look*. Now imagine the life of the look diffused over all her body . . . Imagine through all her limbs, from the forehead to the sole of the foot, that flash of lightning like life! Can one chisel the look? The ancients made their statues blind. Now, imagine, her whole body is like the look.

The tragedy for Lucio consists in the fact that Gioconda is always waiting for him in the studio, of which she has a key. In the studio is an unfinished statue of her, which was to transcend any previous effort. He dare not go and he dare not keep away.

LUCIO.

You should have let me die. Think, if I who was intoxicated with life, if I who was frantic with strength and pride, if I wanted to die, be sure I knew there was an insuperable necessity for it. Not being able to live either with or without her, I resolved to quit the world. Think: I who looked on the world as my garden, and had every lust after every beauty! Be sure, then, I knew there was an insuperable necessity, an iron destiny. You should have let me die.

In the result the wife, braver than the husband, goes to the studio to encounter Gioconda. The meeting between the two women is the best part of the play, a piece of magnificent drama in which not a word is misplaced. In answer to Silvia's repeated and almost hysterical assertion, "He does not love you, he does not love you," Gioconda flings the scornful retort: "Your love cries out like a drowning man." Defeated in argument and recrimination, Silvia boldly and desperately lies.

SILVIA SETTALA.

Enough, enough. Too many words. The game has lasted too long. Ah, your certainty, your pride! But how could you believe that I should have come here to contest the way with you, to forbid your entrance, to face your audacity, if I had not had a certainty far more sound than yours to warrant me. I knew your letter of yesterday, it was shown to me, I know not if with more astonishment or disgust.

GIOCONDA DANTI.

[Overcome.] No, it is not possible!

SILVIA SETTALA.

Yes, it is so. As for the answer, I bring it. Lucio Settala has lost the memory of what has been, and asks to be left in peace. He hopes that your pride will prevent you from becoming importunate.

Then the rage of Gioconda breaks out. "Ah, you have brought him to this! How? How? Binding the soul, like the wound, with cotton-wool? doctoring him with your soft hands? He is unmade, finished, a useless rag. . . . Poor thing! Poor thing! Ah, why is he not dead, *rather than the survivor of his soul?*" She rushes forward in fury to shatter the beautiful unfinished statue, and to save the statue Silvia cries out that she lied. But the statue is already falling, and Silvia's hands are crushed beneath it. Gioconda flees.

That is the end of the play, though there is another act—an act of much symbolic beauty in which Silvia's child offers flowers to her mother, and Silvia cannot take them because she has no hands. "What a cruel love!" exclaims the half-witted Serenata when Silvia says that she gave away her hands to her love—"What a cruel love!" As for Lucio, he works in the studio, "works, works, works, with a terrible fury; perhaps he is seeking to rid himself of a thought that gnaws him." And Gioconda is still there beside him, silent. So it finishes, a drama of which the mere factual basis has been used in scores of pseudo-artistic novels of the Latin Quarters of every European capital, a story of the very tritest, yet made new and made original by the creative power of an artist who always treats his themes as though none had ever treated them before. The moral which

d'Annunzio would have us draw is, no doubt, that Silvia's sacrifice and ruin were part of the tribute which omnipotent art may rightfully demand from life, that Lucio and Gioconda were in lawful possession of the studio, serving Art (with the majuscule), while handless Sylvia could only offer her forehead to the embrace of her child. But we are well aware, and every plain person is well aware, that such a moral is absolutely wrong. No beauty and no force can give authority to the antique pretence that the artist, alone of all men, may obey "his own law" in "exceeding the laws of right." D'Annunzio's play is of "the present time." It is meant for spiritual realism of to-day. But strip off the embroidery of beauty, the verbal charm; forget the dramatic appeal; remove the scene from "Florence and the coast of Pisa" to London. Put the house in Redcliffe-square and the studio in the Boltons. Conceive the actual trio of people; conjure up the very circumstances; and then dare to say that Lucio was not either a scoundrel or a coward, or perhaps both. The moral position is untenable, and if d'Annunzio were fifty times d'Annunzio, he could not hold it against the attack of the simplest soul that lives. D'Annunzio is an extraordinary artist; he can do everything except the impossible; but that he cannot do. And so *Gioconda* remains a fairy-tale, unconvincing as a fairy-tale, vicious and handsome.

Mr. Symons's translation is entirely admirable.

The Rough Drafts of Creation.

Dragons of the Air. By H. G. Seeley. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE fauna and flora of the world before the Flood—or of that world, at least, which we commonly call antediluvian—form a subject singularly fascinating to the imagination. It is a whole undiscovered country reclaimed to our modern knowledge, as fresh and as peculiarly ours as America was to the Elizabethans. For thousands of years this country, say rather this world, has been lost to romance, lost even the tradition of it. For centuries it has lain beneath the daily feet of men, a thin veil of earth more effectual than the spaces which cover the stars. The horses of Timour swept over the mammoth, the imperial feet of Caesar trod upon the mastodon, the axes which quarried sovereign cities may have laid bare the bones of the plesiosaure—dead sovereignties less lasting than they. Sepulchres and ossuaries have not availed the bones of puissant conquerors, while those of the ichthyosaure were sealed for immortality. But the opening of these primeval tombs and sarcophagi of the rocks profited nothing while there were none skilled to translate their meanings. In our own day, when as by a shadow of the final judgment the records of the perished ages are being unrolled, this most antique history is also being read which was before Egypt and the builders of Babel: its strange ancestries are expounded, its monstrous dynasties enscribed like those of Assyria, its trees rise again from their long frost of petrification, its mummies are discased from their swathing of stone.

This is a romance in itself; but the romance which lies in these new and unimagined forms, hidden from the poets and tale-tellers of all previous ages, and given up to eyes almost satiate with wonders, has yet to find its writers. Perhaps the very vastness of unfamiliarity alarms adventurers; perhaps the difficulty of peopling it with a thinkable human interest holds them aloof. Tennyson has seen its uses for impressive and large allusion—

Nature brings not back the mastodon,
he has said, and referred to

The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roared
Before man was.

Nor can any forget the allusion (in "In Memoriam") to those

Dragons of the prime
That tare each other in their slime.

But Tennyson is almost alone even in the use of the theme. In an occasional later and younger poet you may find mention of the plesiosaure or other typical monster. But it is to the tellers of tales we might naturally look for fuller development of this virgin field, and the tellers of tales are as silent as the poets. Jules Verne, in one of his earlier books, gave us a fleeting glimpse of the mastodon and the "dragons of the prime" in the very act of battle, but dropped the half-lifted curtain as if fearful he had pushed beyond his powers.

I first adventure; follow me who list,

he might have said with the English satirist; but none of whom we know has followed. Where is Mr. Wells? Of all men he alone might successfully attempt this romance of the young earth. He has given us many a romance of the future; will not his time-machine travel backward as well as forward?

When the solitary student, using such time-machines as science has provided him—of which Mr. Seeley's able book now before us is one—travels back into those grey ages, he is bewildered at the novelty of the living world in which he finds himself. Some vague rumours there are of such creatures possibly still lurking in the mysteries of the deep seas: the problematical sea serpent has been surmised by some to be a relic of them. A certain gentleman contributed to a certain periodical an account of his meeting (in a Southern Asiatic island, if we remember aright) with a curious sea beast which, from his description, appeared not unlike to a miniature and modified plesiosaure. But the creature, unfortunately, could not be preserved; and over the periodical in question lies the trail of De Rougemont, forbidding credence to any unsupported story in its pages. (That great romancer, by the way, might have done something with this great field of romance.) In such wild rumours alone do we obtain any preparation for the actualities which science sets down for us in cold blood regarding the infancy of the earth. We have strayed, it seems, into the ancient forge and workshop of nature, where she is busy with her first experiments. We watch her trying her 'prentice-hand on the forms from which, when she has gained in mastery, she will develop the beings that populate our present earth. We see her industriously working at the great main conceptions we now know so well, but which here we can hardly recognise, so mixed and unshapen do they lie. We behold, cast off from her anvil, in bewildering rapidity of succession, shapes so fantastical, grotesque, and terrible, as never peopled the most lawless dreams of an Eastern haschisch-eater; apparitions of inter-twisted types and composite phantasms, more and more strange than all the brute-gods of Egypt. We are among the rough drafts of a creation.

When the first strange compound of bill and beast was sent over from Australia (that dustbin where Nature's remnants may still be picked out), there were men of science who would not believe it to be anything but a clever "fake" worked up from the head of a bird and the body of an animal. Yet it is a mere hint, a faded sketch, of the things which once swarmed on earth. Nature then was feeling her way to the ultimate conception of distinct natural orders; and among her other wonderful experiments she invented the pterodactyl. That singular product of her imagination has furnished Mr. Seeley with the materials for an elaborately studied book, which will be hailed with gratitude by every scientific student of his theme. It results from the study, not only of the specimens stored in the museums of Europe, but of a great collection accumulated during years of toil by himself at his own uni-

versity of Cambridge. To the general reader it will have hardly less interest as a romance in the rough. For the pterodactyl is not bird, nor beast, nor reptile; because it is bird, beast, and reptile—all, yet none.

You may see, in fancy, a flying object which at first appears a large bat. But it alights, and, behold! a bat on all fours, with a tail of enormous length relatively to its body. Then that body in shape is rather lizard than bat, and you perceive it stands on long, thin legs, bent inward at the knees like an old man; while from the fore-legs slant upward and backward a pair of folded wings like the triangular sails of a yacht. And the head! Large, disproportioned, clumsy, something like an inflated head of a snake; with eyes seemingly copied from the make-up of the well-known Mr. Chirgwin—the “white-eyed Kaffir” of the Halls. For they are set in a great oval depression of the skull, completing the irresistible grotesqueness of the whole oddity. And now another has flown down near us, of much greater size, and a more marvellous flying machine than the first. A long tail like a slender spear-shaft is tipped at the end with a large leaf-shaped membrane, which might be the spear-head—as we see it in the spears of some Australian savages. And the head—like a snake’s with water on the brain—has a long bill like a heron’s (though differing in shape), which opens and shows long teeth. You now perceive, indeed, that the first creature has also long teeth—long and sharp like a miniature crocodile’s. Presently they are gone again, on great, sweeping, membranous wings. The maddening nightmares are pterodactyls.

Disregarding anachronism, we have tried to paint the portrait of two species from different epochs. It is more or less the general likeness of the many species described in this fascinating book. And anatomically the mixture of bird, beast, and reptile is yet more pronounced. Those three great groups are not yet evolved as separate and distinct orders; and this is one of Nature’s trials on the road to achieving that evolution. But the evidence in favour of this view, and the relation of the pterodactyl to the dinotherium (another strange composition which is an important link in the chain)—these things must be sought in the book itself. The whole anatomical and evolutionary relations and theory of flying reptiles in general are treated with extreme thoroughness; and the view of their evolutionary position, which we have very broadly and generally indicated, is put forward and worked out with great persuasiveness and skill. It is the last and completest word, at present, on the flying dragons.

Sarah.

The Queen’s Comrade: The Life and Times of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. By Fitzgerald Molloy. (Hutchinson. 24s. net)

It seems impossible to have been a much more unpleasant woman than Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Yet two people were found sincerely to love her—the weak but warm-hearted Anne (the famous Mrs. Morley of their correspondence) and her husband. That she should have been so much adored by even two persons suggests a kindly strain somewhere beneath the overbearing surface. In the whole of Mr. Molloy’s bulky records of her, however, there is not a single charming trait to be discovered—there were none, apparently, to give. The main interest of the two volumes, in fact, is far less in their account of the tempestuous Sarah than in the intimate revelations made of three successive rulers and their Courts.

The unnecessary bitterness connected with the displacement of James II. are dwelt upon at some length. There is, indeed, a Lear-like desolation in the picture of his final struggle against his own children, and in his daughter

Mary’s sickening deceptions towards him. As regards, again, the inner lives and personalities of William and Mary, some curiously interesting details are given. They had ugly minds, these two, while Mary at least was such a complicated mixture of *naïveté* and cunning, gloom and self-complacency, vindictiveness and a futile piety, that it is difficult to know whether to yield finally to contempt or to pity. The outpourings of her journal are almost pathetic, in the unconscious self-revelations made. In one of them she wrote: “Upon everything that happened I prayed and meditated, and found myself grow in grace, for which ever blessed be the name of God.” Mary, it may be mentioned, had entered the palace from which she had ousted her father “laughing and jolly as to a wedding feast.”

William of Orange is perhaps done less than justice to in this life of Sarah. Brutal he undoubtedly was, but, as an international politician, he effected much for England. In reading Mr. Molloy’s descriptions of his singularly unengaging personality, it must be remembered that the results of his foreign diplomacy cannot easily be over-estimated. The Duchess of Marlborough, dominant as her presence naturally is in both volumes, is far less interesting than the successive royalities she badgered so incurably. Her intrigues, ambition, and unworthy and unending quarrels, are already notorious, and the one charming story of which she is the principal figure owes its attraction, not to her own share in it, but to that of her unfortunate husband, the famous Duke of Marlborough. And on the death of the latter she found in a cabinet, where he kept all he most valued, a mass of her hair. Years before, when

furious because he disobeyed her, she resolved to mortify him, and knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had impetuously cut it from her head. The shorn tresses had been left in a room through which he must pass, and in a place where he must see them. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her, showing neither anger, sorrow, nor surprise. When he next quitted the house she ran to secure her tresses, but they had vanished, and on a consultation with her looking-glass she saw how foolish a thing she had done. But she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did he, and she never knew what had become of them until they were found by her among those things he held most precious.

As regards the famous quarrel ending the long friendship between Queen Anne and the great Sarah, sympathy is irresistibly with the former. The final scene between them, however, has a certain dramatic value. The terrified but desperate queen, with her one dull sentence, “You desired no answer and you shall have none,” is magnificent in its way. The stolidity of the repetition of this one phrase in the flaming wrath and “disorder” of the other has both the force of contrast and austerity. To retaliate would have been an overwhelming temptation to most.

Other New Books.

A WINTER PILGRIMAGE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

The very detailed title of this book (*A Winter Pilgrimage; being an Account of Travels through Palestine, Italy, and the Island of Cyprus, accomplished in the Year 1900*) sufficiently describes the scope of its contents. It is not a classic of travel; it is not even literary journalism of that superlative distinction which we associate with the name of G. W. Steevens. But Mr. Haggard, as a novelist, gives heed to the first and greatest of literary demands, for the traveller no less than the novelist—“Thou shalt not be dry”; and, as a novelist, also, he knows how to observe it. He has an eye for the things which interest, and his book is entertaining—sometimes informing. He believes that he

has found the site of the Crucifixion; since the cliff in this spot (the "Place of Stoning," where the Jews stoned their criminals) has a fanciful resemblance to a skull—shown in a photograph. This supposes the cliff to have survived unaltered since the Crucifixion—though there was an earthquake immediately afterwards. At Pompeii he notes an inscription proving that a certain player of farce there was a Christian; and gives amusing samples of the guides published for Western visitors in Italianate English. For instance, a bronze is described:

The counterpoise represents a nice womanish bust with a covering on its head, under which are ivy-leaves; she has her hair curled on her deck. She leans softly on her cheek the index of her right hand, of which the pulse is adorned with a bracelet, and she turns her head on the right. A lamp and a beak; Jupiter, radiated on a disc, leaning on the sceptre and sitting between Minerva, armed with a lame, and the Abundance, with the cornucopia, both seated.

It is a nice "derangement of epitaphs"; and there are others of equal felicity. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

THROUGH RHODESIA WITH
THE SHARPSHOOTERS.

BY RENNIE STEVENSON.

The odd thing about South African War books is that, although they are far too many, each can plead, if it does not bear in its very title, a *raison d'être*. Each has a public. Thus to some readers the record of the long and lonesome marches of Lord Dunraven's sharpshooters must of necessity be the most interesting book on the war yet published, simply because it is concerned with themselves or their friends. But even the general reader, repleted as he is, can turn without dismay to a book which tells its story in only 200 uncrowded pages. Mr. Stevenson's aim is simply to describe the inside working of a squadron on the trek, and a very amusing and touching story he makes of it. The "last post" sounds drearily over a comrade's grave; a Kaffir sells a jug of beer and forgets to bring back the change out of a sovereign; camp humours, canteen talk, scares from hyenas, and difficulties with waggons lend variety to the eternal programme, described by a poetic trooper as:

Trekking, trekking, trekking, always bally-well trekking,
From reveillé until lights out, our work is never done.

No troops, we imagine, have seen more of the wild and desolate life of the veldt, jungles, and forests of South Africa than these sharpshooters. One of Mr. Stevenson's most unnerving experiences was losing himself for several hours in the forest, with monkeys jeering at him from the trees. The sharpshooters ran all sorts of risks from wild animals. Sometimes a whole pack of hyenas and jackals would get on their track, as many as fifty of these dangerous beasts following them mile by mile, so that when a man wished to fall out three or four others remained to protect him. Scorpions, tarantula, and vermin afflicted the men in camp. The task of drawing water at night from the nearest river or well was not a comfortable one in view of wild-beast amenities; but the only lion with which our author actually tried conclusions (he fired directly between its eyes) turned out to be a pair of harmless glow-worms.

Some odd things happened. "One dark night, when we were sitting around the fire, a trader glided through the camp riding a white donkey. We were all thunderstruck. We thought there wasn't a white man near us for at least eighty miles. One chap rather aptly expressed our feelings by crying out, 'Here, what's the name of that steamer?' The trader never looked round, but passed away into the night as mysteriously and softly as he came." That story has a weird quality that we like; but, indeed, the whole book is a striking little record of such stern and fearless pic-nicing as Britons love. (Macqueen.)

TO-DAY WITH NATURE.

BY E. KAY ROBINSON.

Mr. Kay Robinson, reverting to the precedents of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, prefaces his book with a commendatory copy of verses by Mr. Harold Begbie. It is a book frankly without form—though we cannot add "and void"; a mere collection of brief jottings on "things seen" in nature, arranged in series under the different months of the year, but otherwise without attempt at any thread of connexion. Nevertheless, these notes were worth publication; they are pleasant, interesting, and full of information, the work of an observer with eyes and love to sharpen them. Take the notes on the flight of birds, which show that many heavy birds, slow and clumsy in their rising flight, move at immense speed when they are homing towards a perceived distant spot with a downward flight. He recalls the analogy of a "coasting bicycle," and instances the vulture, with the swan and other migrant birds, nearing the home coast. They sometimes miss their mark, and rebound from the ground to a distance of several feet. Heavy land birds, or such as fly in large companies (including, however, the light skylark) avoid this by turning before they light, their heads facing whence they have come. Again, he notes the courting hare in February preparing for his "March madness":

Often a couple playing a fantastic follow-my-leader game in and out of the hedges down a country lane will almost run between the legs of a pedestrian before they notice his approach. For the hare, like all hunted animals, has his eyes better placed for seeing behind than in front, whereas all animals that hunt have their eyes placed well forward. The same rule holds good with birds.

He instances the forward eyes of the owl. Seldom, indeed, can you open a page without happening on something you did not know before, and are glad to learn now. A quite charming book to keep by you and dip into. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

HOW OUR NAVY IS RUN.

BY ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

Lord Charles Beresford concludes his introduction to Mr. Hurd's volume in these words: "Write books, ye authors, and help the country to insist that the comfort and efficiency of the Fleet shall be commensurate with its great and historic associations!" Which apostrophe we echo, with the reservation that the books be accurate and well informed. Mr. Hurd's book appears to be both. It is popular in tone and style, and particularly popular in its illustrations. The author describes briefly and clearly how the "handy man" lives and fights, how he is dressed and how fed, what pay he receives and what promotion, if he is lucky, he may expect. It will be news to many readers to learn that the Admiralty allowance for paint for a man-of-war is wholly inadequate to keep her in fit condition:

It is essential to success that the vessel be smart within and without, and the story is told by his shipmates that one officer, now an admiral, spent as much as £2,000 in a three-years' commission in keeping his ship trim. . . . Not many officers spend as much as this. A first lieutenant in a battleship will, however, often dip into his pocket to the extent of £100 to £200 a year sometimes. . . .

This is one of the things which are all wrong, and such books as Mr. Hurd's should have some influence in putting them right. (Pearson. 5s.)

FROM THE HEART OF
THE ROSE.

BY HELEN MILMAN
(MRS. CALDWELL CROFTON).

We hesitate to say that anything which Mrs. Crofton writes is superfluous, yet there are chapters in this book to which no other word would so well apply. The sub-title reads: "Letters on Things Natural, Things Serious, Things Frivolous." These letters range over a variety of subjects, from Matthew Arnold's poems to Mr. G. F. Watts and

Magazine Clubs. Many of them were letters received by the author, and included in this collection because, no doubt, they appeared to her to have intrinsic interest. Some of them have, notably one from Mrs. Ritchie, which gives certain particulars about Thackeray's method of writing; others have not. Why "Monica's Tea Party" was included we cannot conjecture; the chapter consists merely of a foolish piece of dictation, which, we are told, was set at the tea-party. But there are things in the book which are quite pleasant, and occasionally delightful. The garden chapters are nearly all good, though we seem to detect a lack of the freshness and friendliness which were conspicuous in *In the Garden of Peace*. The fact is, that too much is being written about gardens; the subject is too elusive to give any steadiness of inspiration; hence we are nowadays getting book after book which talks of flowers without giving us any of their exquisite suggestion. Now, Mrs. Crofton does sometimes give us that suggestion; and it is because she does that we wish to see her more careful of her delicate talent. (Lane. 5s. net.)

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

BY A. G. BRADLEY.

The pen-work of Mr. Joseph Pennell would alone make this volume delightful. The Lake country seems made for effective pen-and-ink drawing, and Mr. Pennell has taken his opportunities. But the text is also good, providing an excellent itinerary in no stinted fashion, and a due share of those historical and local records without which no book of the kind would be esteemed complete. Mr. Bradley's descriptive work, when he essays it, is as adequate as anything short of genius can make a species of writing which must—with rare exceptions—seem otiose beside poetry on the one hand and such drawings as Mr. Pennell's on the other. It is a thoroughly interesting volume for the library, no less than for the pocket of the tourist. And that can be said of very few books of the kind. (Macmillan. 6s.)

IN THE ICE WORLD OF HIMALAYA.

BY F. B. WORKMAN AND
W. H. WORKMAN.

This record of mountaineering deserves the second edition it has obtained. It is a vivid and continuously interesting account of how an Englishman, and still more an Englishwoman, aided and accompanied by a Swiss guide, climbed some of the most difficult summits in the great Himalayan range, taking scientific records and photographs on their way. Apart from its interest for professed climbers and geographical experts, the record of natural difficulties overcome is stirring to every reader. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

AN ARTIST'S WALKS IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY HENRY A. HARPER.

Mr. Harper was a considerable traveller in Palestine, Syria, and Egypt, and made careful records, both with pen and brush, of what he saw. This volume is made up of selections from work contributed to the *Sunday at Home*, and appears fairly representative of the best which the author accomplished. His drawings are accurate and suggestive, and the descriptive articles which accompany them are full of information, not too technically stated, about the sacred places of his pilgrimages. These include the modern Jerusalem, Golgotha and Gethsemane, Bethlehem and Bethany, the Dead Sea, and the Sea of Galilee. Mr. Harper's method was to conduct his journeyings, as far as practicable, on foot, thus gaining points of view impossible to the ordinary tourist; and it may be added that he appears to have had a knowledge of Palestine in detail, and at first hand, which more ambitious writers on the same subject have not infrequently lacked. The volume is well and handsomely produced, and admirably serves the purpose for which it is designed. (Religious Tract Society. 6s. net.)

Fiction.

Despair's Last Journey. By David Christie Murray.
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

IN his later work, Mr. Murray has shown a depth of purpose which was absent from his earlier books. Not that they lacked purpose; but in *Despair's Last Journey* he becomes something of a preacher and a prophet; it was the same with *The Church of Humanity*. The present story is in many respects fine: it has cumulative force; and it is full of strong character and observation. It is the history of a man who, largely through his own fault, is brought to the edge of the abyss, but at last renounces his own despair; he grows to the belief that "God's inexorable justice and infinite mercy are one and the same, that the human spirit which has not sinned knows no virtue, that the flower of the soul's hope strikes its root in the soil of the soul's despair"; which is certainly a good text, and not at all bad theology. Mr. Murray follows the career of Paul Armstrong from his first memories of childhood to the period of his great renouncement: it is the story of a life subject to the trifling accidents which make tragedy and the great emotions which so often end in nothing. The accidental meeting with Annette, Paul's foolish drifting, the gradual degradation of the woman, are done with a simple firmness and directness which leave no room for criticism. The whole book turns more or less upon the relations of the sexes; but there is neither prudery nor pruriency in it. It is strong, full-blooded, sincere. As for the minor characters, they are many and distinct. George Darco, the theatrical manager and playwright, rolls and thunders his way through these pages with good effect. We come to believe in the man as much as he believed in himself.

The Secret Orchard. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

WE seem to have heard some rumour of a play entitled "The Secret Orchard," by Mr. and Mrs. Castle, and there are many things in this book to indicate that it was either founded on a play or written with the idea that a play might at some time be drawn from it. The theatrical scene comprised in Chapters XXXIV. and XXXV., with its sudden electric illumination in the middle, was almost certainly written originally for the stage. The authors have contrived, or got hold of, one of those powerful and terrible plots which no amount of usage can stale. Helen, Duchess of Cluny—a French title—was a beautiful and good American, given up to works of charity. On her beneficent excursions in the neighbourhood of Paris she had frequently met a fashionable wanton who had devoted the leisure left from vice also to good works. This woman died leaving a daughter called La Gioja, aged eighteen, and unspotted, as all thought, by the mud of her mother's reputation. The Duchess of Cluny adopted the girl. The Duchess adored, worshipped her husband, but she was blind to his defects, and this fragment of talk between the Duc de Cluny and a friend shows what one of those defects was:

"And am I not a son of Adam?" said Cluny petulantly. "My God! and you too! Ah, come, don't tell me you have never slipped into the secret orchard and that you have never known the taste, sweet and acrid, of the forbidden fruit! Oh, you have not been immaculate yourself!"

Favereau straightened himself and fixed a glance of the saddest severity upon Cluny: the ghosts of the errors of his youth rose up before him.

"I have not," he said. But the next moment, under the pulse of a surging thought, his eye flashed, his face became suffused, the veins on his temples swelled. "I have not," he repeated, throwing the words at his companion like an overwhelming indictment; "but I have not been married to Helen!"

Now, of course, La Gioja herself, the unspotted, proved to

be one of the light ones in whose company the Duke had visited the secret orchard. The tragedy to follow is instantly apparent, and the core of that tragedy is naturally the disillusion of the Duchess.

The thing is well worked out in a style at once theatrical, conventional, and charming. Though a story of to-day, it is done in the romantic vein, with no attempt after realism of any sort. Mr. and Mrs. Castle have accomplished a story by Balzac or Merimée in what we may call a Castilian manner—courtly, artificial, persuasive and effective by calculation.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE LAIRD'S LUCK.

BY "Q."

"And other Fireside Tales." Nine go to the book, and the theme of most of them is the romance of war. "Q." can tell a tale, and his touch is as light and free as ever. "The Laird's Luck" carries us back to Quatre Bras; the titles of some of the other stories are "Three Men of Badajoz," "D'Arfet's Vengeance," and "Phœbus on Halzaphron," a Cornish fantasy. (Cassell. 6s.)

LIGHT FREIGHTS.

BY W. W. JACOBS.

Sixteen short stories go to this cargo, making the author's fifth book. The mixture is the same as before—light, humorous, genial sketches of episodes in the day's work of river and seamen. "Speaking o' money," said the night-watchman thoughtfully, as he selected an empty soap-box on the wharf for a seat, "the whole world would be different if we 'ad more of it. It would be a brighter and a 'appier place for everybody." (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

THE BENEFACTRESS.

By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*. The lady is also described as the mother of the April, May, and June babies, which sounds extravagant. On page 2 we read: "At eighteen Anna was so pretty that the perfect husband seemed to be a mere question of days." The story tells of a young Englishwoman to whom a German relative leaves a fortune. She takes up her property in Germany and lives there. The novel is light-hearted and amusing. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE BLACK MASK.

BY E. W. HORNUNG.

Sheer yarning of the most unmoral kind. Those who read *The Amateur Cracksmen* will remember Raffles and Bunny, who became burglars from love of naughtiness and excitement. The amateurs have now become professionals, stealing, among other things, a costly treasure from the British Museum, "doing little in broad daylight, and nothing in our own names." Perhaps not a book for an unbalanced juvenile, but all right for a politician or a J.P. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE ALIEN.

BY F. F. MONTRÉSOR.

A story of middle age, by the author of *Into the Highways and Hedges*. "I call this a story of middle age because Esther Mordaunt was well into the thirties when she became involved in it; yet, in truth, every event has a long pedigree, and God alone knows when or where any story really began." True. (Methuen. 6s.)

CLEMENTINA.

BY A. E. W. MASON.

"The landlord, the lady, and Mr. Charles Wogan were all three, it seemed, in luck's way on that September morning of the year 1719." A romance of the Jacobites, somewhat after the manner of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*. The old Pretender is introduced as one of the chief characters. The book is illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge effectively. (Methuen. 6s.)

A GALLANT QUAKER.

BY MARGARET H. ROBERTON.

Quakerism! "It seemed to me [the quaint old town of Driverton] to be the very setting required for an old-world tale, and I have therefore taken the liberty of placing my characters upon the stage of this ancient country town." The story tells of a young wool merchant of the seventeenth century, the friend of George Fox and William Penn, who rescues the heroine, a high-born Quaker damsel, from many perils, also of the spread of Quakerism and of early persecutions. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE COMING OF THE PREACHERS.

BY J. ACKWORTH.

Methodism! "This story," says the prefatory note, "is written to illustrate the use of Methodism, by showing how that great movement came to a representative small borough, and how it affected the lives, characters, and interests of the inhabitants."

ANGEL.

BY B. M. CROKER.

The sub-title is "a sketch in Indian ink," and the story, laid in the North-West Province of India, tells of "a great responsibility—a young man's burden—how he comes to accept and endure it." The motto of *Angel* is from Coventry Patmore—a stanza grateful and comforting to the fair:

A woman is a foreign land
Of which, though there he settle young,
A man will ne'er quite understand
The customs, politics, and tongue.

(Methuen. 6s.)

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY.

BY MAUD PETERSON.

The author, we are informed, is "only twenty-one," as if that were a recommendation in the business of book production. Why, Miss Braddon has written as many books as the years of her life (see announcement). This is Miss Peterson's first book. It deals with military life, and the various emotions that the words "love and honour" conventionally describe. (Hodder & Co. 6s.)

FAREWELL, NIKOLA.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

We wonder what the Buddhist priests (novelists are much in debt to Buddha) think of the sallow, hoarding Doctor. For, incredible as it may seem, a Buddhist priest Nikola is now. "When the wind howls around the house at night . . . I see a yellow-robed, mysterious figure, whose dark, searching eyes look into mine with a light that is no longer of this world. To him I cry—'Farewell, Nikola!' " Convincing, is it not? (Ward & Lock. 6s.)

DEBORA.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

A tale of the times of Judas Maccabæus. "King Antiochus, self-styled Epiphanes the Glorious, was in a humour that ill-suited that title." These are the words that rang out from the royal lips: "By all the gods! if Rome has the power, and Alexandria the commerce, Antioch shall be queen in splendour, though it takes all the gold of all the provinces to dress her." (Nisbet. 6s.)

THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM.

BY ERIC PARKER.

A misleading title! "The Sinner and the Problem" are merely schoolboys who fraternise with an artist staying as a guest at a private school in a country place. There is little plot in this bright, well-written volume, which presents the ways and works of two picturesque and rather pathetic boys, and an artist's enjoyment of nature as a background to his own idyll. (Macmillan. 6s.)

We have also received *Manasseh*, by Maurus Jokai (Macqueen, 6s.); *The Marriage of Mr. Molyneux*, by Cecil Headlam (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.); *A Fight to a Finish*, by Florence Warden (Chatto, 6s.); *Wheels of Iron*, by L. T. Mead (Nisbet, 6s.); *Ingram*, by Geraldine Kemp (Chapman & Hall 6s.).

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

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The Small Writer.

LAST week we helped to inaugurate the first great publishing season of the century, and now we are inclined to pause while the avalanche pauses. A week hence the air will be full of names, titles, ideas, novelties, reputations; we shall be gripped by the new, and well-nigh drowned in the actual. A moment's respite! A little folding of the hands, not to sleep but to meditation! There was, indeed, food for thought in the announcements of new books which distended the last ACADEMY. We think of the waves which have broken and melted before these rolled shoreward, and we are amazed and silenced by the energy of the Press. We recall the "seasons" we have personally known, and we imagine those which wearied our predecessors. We explore the past by some dim, convenient stairway, like the entire set of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and observe the ceaseless inflow of books, written, published, and reviewed with what now seems the regularity of a machine. The effort is its own opiate, and we enter into De Quincey's vision of innumerable faces, surging upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries. Moreover, we are brought to regard this remorseless increase of books with feelings of rebellion. Why add to the incomputable, immovable mass of the world's literature? Has not everything been said, and are not all the tales told? Would not fifty new books a year suffice? A hundred? A thousand?

The answer is that they would not. It is easy to say, with an air of wise fatigue, that of the making of many books there is no end. So also there is no end to the multiplication of readers and the awakening of small literary appetites which lead to greater. Moreover, each age requires new books like new coins. Quite apart from posterity, or the net sum of knowledge, it has its own immense business with the author. Its affairs, experiences, problems, whims, and laughter must be reduced to writing, circulated, and discussed. All journalism is not literature, but all new literature is journalism. It answers at first to some real or supposed need of its day. There is not a reprint of Shakespeare that is not addressed to a living public whose predilections have been studied, and the "Temple" Bible, now being organised, is not a casual multiplication of copies of the Bible, but a re-issue of the Bible in a desired form, with desired equipments, and under certain leading ideas of the day. As the water which has passed the mill has no power on the wheel, the literature of yesterday is powerless to keep the world happy and busy. The more wakeful the age the more will it insist on printing its own books, and on reprinting the books of yesterday to look like the books of to-day. As for the books which are really over-produced, they stay on their publishers' shelves, where they cannot grieve the philosopher. But our point is that nearly all new books sell a little, and very many which seem utterly insignificant sell largely. All these contribute to the current, and without their help the mill would move with a slow and creaking motion that we should soon condemn. In a word, the most obvious "book-making" has its defence, and we can carry our contempt for the small writer too far.

The small writer is our theme, and we will yearn on him.

Not, indeed, on the small writer of to-day. Our benevolence is not so real as that. Even *his* wine gains by keeping. Generous and full-bodied it will never be; but in catalogues, and in the sleep of the British Museum's iron-paved galleries, it will acquire a flavour which will one day be found interesting. Little books seem to be justified as they grow musty. Merged in the hue of a past age, their contributory, as distinct from their individual, life can be appreciated. In the same way, small men of no account in their day, and of no intrinsic interest, become significant and endeared by mere lapse of time, as in Horace's seventh epistle to Macenas, where a lawyer, bored with Rome and replete with fees, sees a well-groomed man in a barber's shop, and idly orders his slave, Demetrius, to run and inquire off-hand his name, friends, country, and estate. And so down the centuries comes Demetrius' report:

Menas is his name;
Of moderate fortune, but of honest fame;
A public crier, who a thousand ways
Bustles to get, and then enjoys his ease.
A boon companion 'mongst his equals known,
And the small house he lives in is his own.

That is all. These thoughts occur in handling a paper-covered instalment of a bibliography of *The Poets of Ireland*, by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue. Its pages are full of notes on utterly forgotten and, for most of us, unheard-of poets who yet served the age to which they belonged, writing with all solemnity and intention books which now exhale the faint aroma of dry and dusty herbs. Who now reads or remembers Henry Brooke, author of *Universal Beauty: a Poem*, published in Dublin in 1735; or Amyas Bushe, author of *Socrates: a Dramatic Poem* (1759); or the Rev. Robert Baker's *Contentment*, "a poem in fifteen parts" (1788); or who recalls a book with the rather interesting title, *The Poetry of Incident*, by W. B. Bayne, an assistant master fifty years ago in the Belfast Academical Institution?

These singers had listeners. Many of them produced book after book. They still have their bibliographer. They arrived as yon last wave arrives, and melted as it melts. For such writers we would set apart a day of remembrance. As there is an All Saints' Day, so there should be an All Writers' Day, on which all authors should be deemed equal, and comprehensively memorable. Some spark of the celestial fire they each had; and is not the existence of that fire a greater thing than its distribution? Hail to thee, CHARLOTTE SMITH, poetess of Sussex and "interesting novelist," whose triumphs, by a useful chance, we find set forth in that curious work (of Lamb approved), *The Lounger's commonplace Book*, itself a sarcophagus of withered reputations.

It is to be lamented that the fine vein of solemn sadness, with which the sonnets of this ingenious woman are so uniformly tinged, should derive its origin from domestic inquietude; yet, I trust her private calamities have been alleviated or soothed by that public approbation, of which she has long and deservedly enjoyed so considerable a share. Were a work of this writer put into my hand, without her name prefixed, the composition, by internal evidence, would almost instantly point out the fair author. A glowing enthusiasm in the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty, a minute description of rustic scenery, with no ordinary share of knowledge in botany and natural philosophy; winds rushing through dark passages, and interrupting the midnight silence, while the moon casts a solemn light through the Gothic window of an ancient chapel, or between the branches of a waving wood, and the melancholy murmurings of streams at a distance, and the SWEET BIRD OF NIGHT, are objects she apparently dwells on with pleasure, and has introduced with the happiest effect in most of her productions.

But, indeed, every cranny in the history of our literature harbours a forgotten yet once respectable name. Who remembers Christopher Pitt? Dr. Johnson wrote his life, and compared his translation of the *Aeneid* with Dryden's in such terms as these: "Pitt pleases the critics, Dryden

the people; Pitt is quoted, Dryden read." Ought not some vague yet formal remembrance to go out to such men? To Thomas Yalden, for instance, whose "Hymn to Darkness" is thus disposed of by the Doctor: "The seven first stanzas are good; but the third, fourth, and seventh are the best; the eighth seems to involve a contradiction; the tenth is exquisitely beautiful; the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth are partly mythological and partly religious, and therefore not suitable to each other." On All Writers' Day we will recite thy tenth and "exquisitely beautiful" stanza, Thomas Yalden, and remember, if we cannot soften, the Doctor's judgment that thy faults were "rather the omissions of idleness than the negligences of enthusiasm." For the Dunciad we would, on a day, substitute a Justiciad. The world has known too long how Pope despised little talents.

Some strain in rhyme: the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head or Pegasus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.

These battues are very fine, but the day of small things may not be wholly despised. The groundlings usually suffer neglect in very good company. "Valancourt! and who was he?" cried Thackeray's younger generation. "Valancourt, my dears . . . he and his glory have passed away. Ah, woe is me, that the glory of novels should ever decay. . . . Inquire at Mudie's or the London Library who asks for *The Mysteries of Udolpho* now?" Yet four hundred novels are announced for this autumn, and they will have their brief and cheerful day, or hour—those which do not, like Sir Richard Blackmore's epic *Eliza*, in ten books, drop "dead-born from the press." We can only see and acknowledge that the water turns the mill. If it then passes on to stagnation or to sink in the soil its minimum mission has been fulfilled. The odd thing is that you never know when an author's fame is extinguished. Even as we write, our eye falls on the following query in an American literary paper. Consider its significance:

MISS CORNELIA C. WHITE, Cazenovia, Madison County, N.Y.: "I wish to inquire if anyone can tell me the author of a book published about seventy years ago. The title is *Avon Castle*, but I have never been able to find the book nor who was the author. I think it was an English novel."

But the quality by which little writers reach one's sympathies is their hopefulness. A man's book is his child. The whole tragedy of authorship is enclosed in Hazlitt's oft told story of the Mr. Fearn who was "buried in the woods of Indostan." Several notions about states of the mind and some obscure mental processes had taken possession of his brain. He bought the works of the metaphysicians, but found no mention of these things. He eagerly set to work to record them himself, and, when his task was done, "he put his metaphysics, his bamboo MS., into the boat with him, and, as he floated down the Ganges, said to himself: 'If I live, this will live; if I die, it will not be heard of.'" Hazlitt well exclaims: "What is fame to this feeling!" Mr. Fearn's book did not succeed. He was vexed to the core. He said there was a sensible writer in the *Monthly Review* who saw the thing in its proper light. Hazlitt himself found in the book ideas more subtle and curious than any that had been published since Hume. Mr. Fearn was buried in the woods of Indostan, but his name, by a kindly justice, lives in Hazlitt's essay. Alas! Mr. Fearn is always with us, and the woods of Indostan are very extensive.

Things Seen.

The Bloomsbury Potentate.

WHILE waiting on the doctor's steps for the bell to be answered, I heard the sound of brushing, and, looking down into the Bloomsbury area, I saw a small negro boy busily polishing a boot. He glanced up with a friendly smile, his eyes and teeth gleamed, and I noticed that on his right wrist was a broad ivory ring.

Jenny was rather deliberate that morning, and while I still waited two errand-boys thrust their faces between the area railings and stared down at the little alien.

"Hullo, Blacky!" one said. "Give us that ring."

"Wonder what it's for?" said the other.

Before I could hear the reply the door opened, and I was soon in the doctor's room.

"So you're no longer an Abolitionist!" I said pleasantly.

"No," he answered; "at least, my sister isn't. That's a boy my brother-in-law has just brought from West Africa. He didn't exactly want him, but the boy was wild to see England, and at the last minute jumped on board."

"And what does the ring on his arm mean?"

"O, he's a king's son out there. That's a symbol of authority: at home he has the power of life and death over fifty slaves."

When I came away the boy was still busily at work, but he had changed the boots for knife-cleaning. He cast another merry smile up to me as I descended the steps—the king's son with the power of life and death over fifty slaves.

The Philanthropist.

HE was a sandy, fresh-complexioned man, and he entered the railway-carriage with an air that said plainly—"I'm a talker, and when I want to talk, I talk."

I took cover behind my newspaper, but it was useless. "Beautiful morning, sir," he began. Weakly I dropped my paper, and his eye, having caught mine, held me. "Most extraordinary things happen to us when we least expect them," he began. "This morning, sir, I have been an actor in quite a little drama, and have done, I trust, a service to a deserving person. I was sitting on the sea-front soon after six enjoying the air, when a tramp seated himself at the other end of the bench. We began to talk, and—would you believe it, sir?—that scarecrow was one of the gallant lads who have been fighting their country's battles in South Africa—an Imperial Yeoman, starving, sir, because he could not get his pay. Oh, no! It's impossible to deceive me. I've had a long experience with Charity Organisation Committees. I believed the man's story. You cannot deceive me on those matters. What did I do? What would any man in the position do? I gave him a good breakfast, and then I took him to a tailor's shop, rigged him out, and he's in this train at this moment, sir, on his way to good employment. There will be no difficulty about that. I shall see to it myself. When the Government fails in its duty, the private citizen must step into the breach."

"Did you buy his ticket?" I asked. "No, sir. Begin by trusting a man, and he'll soon deserve your trust. I gave him the money for his fare and a good cigar, which he is now enjoying in a third-class compartment in the rear of the train. When we reach London Bridge I shall take him straight down to the War Office, and tell them the whole story, and if they won't give him his pay I'll find the money out of my own pocket. When I put my hand to the plough, sir, I go straight ahead."

We alighted at London Bridge. The platform emptied. But my friend's cheerful optimism did not desert him. "The poor fellow must have missed the train," he said. "I'll telegraph."

Mrs. Browning as Prophetess.

THIS handy little reissue of one of Mrs. Browning's later poems, *Casa Guidi Windows* (John Lane), has a short preface by a fellow-poet, Mme. Duclaux, better known as Miss Mary Robinson. Mme. Duclaux briefly relates the circumstances under which the poem came to be written, and interprets its spirit with sympathetic enthusiasm. But neither here nor anywhere in the book do we find what is essentially needed in a good reissue of *Casa Guidi Windows*—explanation of its crowded references to the Italian and Florentine politics of the day; references intelligible enough at the time, but now grown dim as the political references of Dryden and Pope. An unannotated edition of *Absalom and Achitophel* were but a degree more unsatisfactory. A very little trouble would have removed this defect, and caused the book to supply a real want, which in its present form we can scarcely think it does. For the rest, it is well printed on good paper and satisfactory in all other respects.

Casa Guidi Windows shows the turn of the tide towards Mrs. Browning's final manner, fully developed in *Aurora Leigh*; which, with all respect to Mme. Duclaux's judgment, we cannot think an improvement on her previous manner. On the whole, it seems to us a decided change for the worse. In this poem it is still tentative, and even Mme. Duclaux frankly admits its deficiency. The poem is entirely political, and not unnaturally it is in Mrs. Browning's rhetorical rather than her poetical style. Few poets can treat a political theme without falling into this style, which it were perhaps more accurate to call oratorical than rhetorical. It takes the lyric power of Shelley to write a *Hellas*, and even Shelley fell from poetry in *The Masque of Anarchy*, while he did not uniformly maintain it in *The Revolt of Islam*. Still, this would be a mere question of species, were the eloquence good, as Mrs. Browning's sometimes is. But in this poem it is strained, tense, excited, often downright shrill. This defect of execution is not mended by the absence of construction. The poem is desultory, a string of reflections conditioned by passing events. It is a woman's meditations on the Italian politics of four years, taking for starting-point that Florentine portion of them which she witnessed from her windows. But her reflections are sufficiently divagatory to embrace the international exhibition at the Crystal Palace, which, as we know, was to inaugurate an era of peace and universal brotherhood. Of course, the poem is intentionally desultory. But to compensate the absence of definite scheme, the wilful invertebrateness of it, there needs a felicity of execution, an inspired caprice, an opulent luxuriance of impulse, which are unfortunately lacking. A voluntary must be very rich in detail to excuse the deliberate lack of unity.

Mme. Duclaux would palliate the shortcomings of style by having us admire Mrs. Browning in the part of prophetess. Now, it is true she prophesies the ultimate triumph of Italian unity, at a time when the cause had come to grief. But it needs no large power of prophecy to foresee that a great national movement, the chief barrier against which is a steadily decadent power like Austria, will ultimately win its way. Moreover, when one's whole hopes are bound up with the success of a cause, it is human nature, and woman's nature above all, to believe that the cause must ultimately triumph, no matter how dark its destinies may temporarily be. What forlorn hope but has had some woman to believe in it? When we come to things less vague and general than the triumph of *Italia Irredenta*, Mrs. Browning's fallacy as a prophetess seems blazoned large over *Casa Guidi Windows*. She believed that the day of universal brotherhood was nigh at hand, the era when wars should cease, and thinkers replace fighters as the peaceful warriors of the future. It is there in black and white. Are we any nearer it than when she shared these generous

illusions with a crowd of others, who mistook the cravenness of the stay-at-home *bourgeois*, anxious to fill his money-bags in peace, for a change of heart in mankind?

The poet shall look grander in the face
Than ever he looked of old, when he began
To sing that "Achillean wrath which slew
So many heroes."

Yet the Poet Laureate is not noticeably a better model for a bust than Homer. Her Britannic prophecies are peculiarly belied by time:

Send abroad thy high hopes, and thy higher
Resolves, from that most virtuous altitude,
Till nations shall unconsciously aspire
By looking up to thee, and learn that good
And glory are not different.

Is that precisely the way in which the admiring nations now look up to England?

No war!
Disband thy captains, change thy victories,
Be henceforth prosperous as the angels are—
Helping, not humbling!

Which would be excellent, were earth Heaven. But even the angels (if we are rightly informed) humble demons. In other words, Mrs. Browning's prophecies represent the current enthusiasms of her age, and are no more nor less right than those enthusiasms. Had she lived, she would seemingly have been a Little Englander—unless, being the child of the enthusiasms of her age, she had been an ardent Imperialist.

But, being withal Elizabeth Barrett Browning, she could not escape frequent lapses into lofty eloquence, or even rank poetry. Ever and again they blow on us with triumphant refreshment. So in the finely summarised description of the nations meeting at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, each with her characteristic product in her hand:

Imperial England draws
The flowing ends of the earth, from Fez, Canton,
Delhi and Stockholm, Athens and Madrid,
The Russias and the vast Americas,
As a queen gathers in her robes amid
Her golden cincture. . . .
"I wove these stuffs so subtly, that the gold
Swims to the surface of the silk, like cream,
And curdles to fair patterns. Ye behold?"

"These carpets—you walk slow on them like kings,
Inaudible like spirits, while your foot
Dips deep in velvet roses and such things."

"This model of a steamship moves your wonder?
You should behold it crushing down the brine,
Like a blind Jove who feels his way with thunder."

"Methinks you will not match this steel of ours."—
"Nor you this porcelain! One might think the clay
Retained in it the larvae of the flowers,
They bud so, round the cup, the old spring way."

That is Mrs. Browning at her best—the large, masculine way which no other woman has compassed, and which she, ever passionately and daringly trying, only seized aright by fits and starts.

You should behold it crushing down the brine
Like a blind Jove who feels his way with thunder.

Of what majestic grasp is that—insolently easy, not to be disdained of Shakespeare's self! No other woman has reached her hand to such things; and Elizabeth Browning could not keep her grasp on them, but clutched desperately for them, capturing them only at moments. She was best when she was content with a lesser scope. But that she could seize such images at times, all honour to her fervid, ultra-feminine soul in a frame too weak! In this poem one sees the influence of her husband beginning, not (on the

whole) to her advantage; making her careless of form (of which she was never too careful), and self-indulgent in jerkinesses of style, wherein she tries to copy his native brusqueness and abruptness. The beginning of a decline (as we think) largely induced by her husband; but with splendid flakes of the old Elizabeth Barrett still clinging about her. As, indeed, even in *Aurora Leigh*, they did not abandon her.

An Index to London.*

CHARLES LAMB'S catalogue of biblia a-biblia had in it enough of caprice (it included the works of Gibbon, and draught-boards bound and lettered on the back) to warrant a doubt whether he would have included a list of the streets of London in his Index. He who would have lived in London "shirtless, bookless," and who loved the "sweet security of streets," would not have despised this catalogue and republic of London's place names. We say republic, for in the great inventory just issued by the London County Council there is no distinction of places. Seven Step-alley makes as brave a show as the Strand. The locality, postal district, parish, Metropolitan Borough, and Parliamentary Division to which Seven Step-alley belongs are immediately discoverable. And so through all the hierarchy of London.

To allow the imagination to play over this prodigious list, or to indulge in any line of inquiry, is to begin without hope of ending. The immensity of the field from which the street names of London have been gathered is remarkable. The geographical world, the literary world, the worlds of history and biography, the green country which the streets have replaced, all countries and all centuries seem to have contributed labels to the streets of London. Yet the catholicity of the selections is not more striking than their eccentricity. Thus, the capitals of Europe are strangely distributed. Paris gives its name to three small streets in Lambeth, Poplar, and Horselydown. Berlin-road is obscurely found in Lewisham; St. Petersburg-place is in Paddington; and Vienna-road in Bermondsey. There are three Roman-roads in London. Lambeth supplies a Madrid-place, and Bethnal-green a Lisbon-street. Stockholm, Christiana, Brussels, Copenhagen, and Jerusalem are all obscurely represented. But for an Amsterdam-street or a Constantinople-street even London has not found room.

Our land and sea battles are well advertised. Seventeen streets named after Waterloo and sixteen after Trafalgar are to be found in London. Others celebrate Quebec, Alma, Inkermann, Lucknow, Magdala, the Khyber Pass, Khartoum, the Congo, and Ladysmith. Even battles in which our arms were not engaged lend their names to quiet suburban streets, as Sedan and Plevna. But here, as everywhere, there is no zeal, no proportion or dignity. If ever an historic name deserved to be borne by a London street it was Lucknow. Yet the only Lucknow-street is found at Plumstead, and dates from last year.

It is the same in literature. Many great names have been casually or obscurely bestowed. Will it be believed that in all London the name of Shakespeare is borne by only two small streets, one in Lambeth and one in Stoke Newington? Milton, Defoe, Addison, and Macaulay are rightly honoured in districts with which they were connected. Dickens is wasted on a small street in Battersea, and the three Byron-streets together do little honour to Byron.

The best-named streets are those whose names were derived naturally from ancient rural names, rivers, monasteries, trade localities, historical houses, and great political personages. In his pleasant introduction Mr. G. L. Gomme quotes examples of these from the works of Dr. Isaac

Taylor. Mr. Gomme is certainly right when he says that the most interesting body of street names is found in the City. Names like Poultry, Cloth Fair, Ludgate, Artillery-street, Barbican, Creed-lane, Old Jewry and many more are eloquent of London's past. Central and West London are also full of interesting names, acquired by local association. But attempts to bring in outside associations and thus do honour to personages and events of national importance have been few and rarely successful.

With all their faults the street-names of London form a priceless index to London's history, and the County Council's list makes the Londoner glad that the soulless American method of naming streets by numbers is not ours. It is a fact that Americans are beginning to repent of this method, and to demand something more human. Oddly enough, among the vagaries of our street-names is an attempt which was made on the outskirts of Paddington to name a number of streets on the American plan. First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Avenues may still be found there, but the County Council has wisely suppressed the names of the side streets, for which the ingenious builder went to the alphabet. Thus his A-street has become Alpertown-street, B-street has been re-christened Barfett-street, C-street is now Caird-street, and so on up to P, where the chimera ended.

In some way or other nearly every London place name has a human interest. Take the innumerable names of "terraces," "cottages," "houses," and "villas," which a few years ago asserted their individuality along the sides of the great suburban highways. These names have been mercilessly suppressed, and the houses bearing them have been thrown into the general numbering of the road. Yet there is a pathos in these names. They were essentially the pet names of the first builders or owners when the great arteries were being formed piecemeal. Upsdell's Row, Emmett's Cottages, Caroline Place, Bess Place, Artichoke Place, Halcyone Terrace, Harmony Cottages, Pear Tree Terrace, Hobnob Place, and hundreds of such names, now abolished, but here carefully recorded, tell the tale of first ownership in the suburban highways.

The total number of names recorded is 23,000, and it is difficult to over-estimate the value of the list to the student of London. We have touched only the fringe of its interest and suggestiveness.

Correspondence.

The Irish Brogue.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the clever article in your last week's issue on "The Irish Brogue," and ask space to express my opinions on the matter—opinions gathered mainly from personal experience.

1. It would scarcely appear that Cromwell's troopers to any great extent influenced the "English" spoken by their Celtic neighbours. It is probable that most of the Ironsides came from the heart of the East Midlands (my native district), and spoke much as common folk of that locality did within my own recollection. They would say "yow" for "you"; "gree-at" for "great"; "throm" for "from"; "davvel" for "devil." Tone of enunciation they certainly failed to convey. They would speak "low down" as the clowns of the East Midlands speak to this day. And the Irishman, as a rule, "twitters" his English. I think the peasant of the Pale would have so pious a dread, so holy a hatred of the stern settlers, that as far as possible he would shun contact with them.

2. I have never heard an Irishman say "complate." In certain districts of Ireland the broad "a" sound is given to "ea," but not to "ee" or "ie." The Kerry peasant may say "mate" for "meat," but not for "meet"; indeed, he will pronounce the "ee" or "ie" with beautiful distinctness.

* London County Council: *List of the Streets and Places within the Administrative County of London*. Compiled by the Superintending Architect of the Council. (P. S. King & Son.)

3. There has always been a deal of bad "brogue" written by Englishmen. Barham wrote: "Alderman Harmer, and that *sweet* charmer."

G. W. Stevens wrote "prasts," evidently assuming that as the Celt says "baste" for "beast," he will say "praste" for "priest," whereas he is more likely to say "priesht."

Thackeray, super-excellent at depicting Irish character, made his Irishmen speak impossible brogue. He blended the barbarisms of a dozen dialects in the mouth of Captain Costigan. Kipling did much the same with Mulvaney. English dabblers in brogue copied Thackeray for years; then they copied Kipling; and when the inimitable Dooley "came to the fore" they took a fresh turn, and made all their Irishmen speak the brogue of Mayo. The broganeeer of the English stage is past praying for. I heard at a London theatre the other day Peggy O'Dowd, of Dublin or thereabouts, mouthing a mixture of Cork and Connaught.—I am, &c.,

GEORGE BARTRAM.

SIR,—In the very interesting paper on "The Irish Brogue" in your current number there is, I think, an inadequate reference to the Irish use of the word "sure." It has the sense, no doubt, of "sure" as used by Shakespeare ("Sure 'tis the echo of some yawning grave"), by Dryden ("Great wit to madness sure is near allied"), and Dr. Johnson in the lines quoted. But it has a very subtle meaning besides, somewhat like *mais* in French, but with more body in it. I may analyse it in this way: It is like "well" in English at times. For instance: "Sure I was going down and I saw the soldiers." Again, it is expostulatory, as in answer to a question: "Why did you not go?" "Sure I did go." Here it is a kind of shorthand symbol, meaning much more than "but" would mean. It suggests: "Why on earth do you say such a thing?" Then it has a gracious meaning, which has no equivalent: "Sure, I'll do myself, don't mind"; "Sure, I told you so." And, finally, it has an emphatic argumentative force: "Sure, that cannot be"—again quite untranslatable.

Your article steers so clear of rocks that I think all these meanings must be in the writer's mind; but no English student of Irish modes of speech seems capable of appreciating these delicate differences. I may add that every meaning has a tone and inflection peculiar to itself.—I am, &c.,

JOHN F. TAYLOR.

Devonshire Club, St. James's, S.W.

"Insanity in Literature."

SIR,—Will you allow me to answer a question put by Mr. E. A. Bennett in the ACADEMY of September 14: "Can anyone swear, hand on heart, that he has not found *Le Désastre* tedious?"

I can. I read it with breathless interest when it first appeared, and again last year. *Les Tronçons du Glaive*, the second of this series of P. and V. Margueritte, I find almost as enthralling, though it has not the same sustained interest of narrative. But some of the episodes are very fine. The death of the little Moblot, for example.

And surely it is too sweeping an assertion that there are, "with the possible exception of Zola," only two great writers of French fiction left—Bourget and Anatole France. And to call that exquisite study of a woman's mind and heart, *Le Jardin Secret*, a fairly good book!

I feel that it may be impertinent in an outsider to write to you; and yet you may care to have for once the views of a woman in the drawing-room, which I take to be the feminine equivalent of the man in the street.—I am, &c.,

PAULINE MELHUISE.

137, Avenue du Roule, Neuilly-sur-Seine, Paris.

The First American Edition of the "Rubaiyat."

SIR,—In the kindly notice of my little *Bibliography of Edward FitzGerald*, which appeared in your issue of September 28, you seemed to regret the omission of any of the American editions of FitzGerald's works. This omission I shall endeavour to repair in the unlikely event of another edition of the book being called for, and in the meantime I venture to ask for the hospitality of your columns for a description of the first American edition, for a sight of which I am indebted to the courtesy of a correspondent from the States. The title-page and collation are as follows:

"Rubaiyat | of | Omar Khayyám, | the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. | Rendered into English Verse. | Second Edition." | Title-page, p. [i.]; p. [ii. blank]; [Introduction], pp. [iii.]—xviii.; Text, pp. [1]—23; p. [24 blank]; Notes, pp. [25]—30. There is no date, or publisher's or printer's name, and the size is as near as possible that of the second English edition of 1868, which, in the arrangement of its contents, it will be observed it strictly follows. It is bound in very dark blue leather, with cut edges, but whether this is the original binding or not I am unable to say.

Inserted in the book is the printed copy of a letter, dated January 20, 1900, addressed by Mr. F. F. D. Alberty to the Editor of the *State Journal*, Columbus, Ohio, which appeared in that journal on the following day. As it records an interesting chapter in the history of the "Omarian cult," you may perhaps be able to find room for it:

A communication signed by De Witt Miller and published in the *State Journal* of the 13th inst., calls for information regarding an edition of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyám, printed in Columbus about 1870. I am happy to give Mr. Miller and the readers of the *State Journal* the facts in regard to that publication, which is no doubt the first American edition or reprint of FitzGerald's version, or of any other for that matter.

Some time in the latter part of 1869, or the early part of 1870, there were living at the house of Mrs. Dr. Little, in this city, Colonel James Watson, General W. A. Knapp, and Mr. E. L. De Witt. At about this time there was published in the *North American Review* an account of the FitzGerald version, published by Quaritch in London in 1868, and called the Second Edition, which fell under their eyes and was discussed in the way usual to literary folk. The exquisite beauty of the lines, as well as the depth of philosophy contained in the sentiments expressed, struck home, and the readers were captured at once. But the review was only a partial revelation, and did not contain the whole of the FitzGerald Quatrains, and the thirst for more became unappeasable until finally a bookseller in New York was commissioned to get copies of the Quaritch publication.

In due time these came, and they were so fascinated with the whole collection that nothing would do but their friends must also know and love the clear-voiced Persian, who had struck so true a chord. Among their other friends, Dr. Loving, of this city, was soon converted, and as Quaritch had written that the copies he had sent were the last ones of this edition, it was decided to have some copies printed in as near an exact imitation of the original as possible. Colonel Watson took the lead, and the work was entrusted to Mr. Richard Nevins, who soon produced almost an exact copy—accented type and all—of Quaritch's Second Edition.

In the meantime the gentlemen named had asked some of their friends to become partners in the literary piracy, and several others joined their company, among them Henry C. Taylor, W. P. Little, and myself. There were others, but this was thirty years ago (the book was published some time between 1870 and 1873), and memory halts at the door of identification.

There were only 100 copies printed, and of these we each took as many as we cared to pay for, and in time they were distributed among our friends, with no idea that the little volumes would ever become important or valuable.

When Friedrich von Bodenstedt, the German diplomat,

poet, and translator of Omar, was in this country in 1881, I showed him my copy and told him something about it, and he was greatly pleased to know that in far-off America, and many years before he had published his translation of the *Rubāiyāt*, there was forming the nucleus of an Omar Khayyām cult. In token of his appreciation he gave me an autograph copy of his most striking version of the *Rubāiyāt*, which I cherish as one of my most valued possessions.

In connection with Mr. Miller's reference to the value of these early editions, it is interesting to note that Colonel Watson saved from the printer's waste-basket the original leaves of his *Quaritch*, from which the Columbus edition was printed, and which he had cleaned and rebound, and Mr. De Witt has also preserved his copy, and although Mr. Miller estimates the market value of the plain little pamphlet at \$100, you may, if you know either of these gentlemen, prove my assertions of the fact, and at the same time see a homely little pamphlet of a few pages, which is worth a membership of the Columbus Club or the price of a good horse.

I am quite sure there must still be in existence in Columbus a number of copies of this pirated Columbus edition, and I shall be glad to have, for possible future use, information concerning these fugitive copies of what FitzGerald himself called an "Epicurean Eclogue in a Persian Garden."

I conclude with an echo of Mr. Albery's aspiration, and shall be indebted to anyone who can give me information regarding other important American editions, critical comments, or reviews relating to the object I have in view, which perhaps it may be as well to state is the bibliography, not of Omar Khayyām, but of Edward FitzGerald—I am, &c.,

W. F. PRIDEAUX.

1, West Cliff Terrace, Ramsgate.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 107 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea in the following competition:

"We publish this week a special supplement, containing publishers' announcements for the autumn season. From the lists therein printed we ask our readers to pick out what, in their opinion, promise to be:

- The two most interesting biographies.
- The two most interesting works of history.
- The two most interesting works of travel.
- The two most interesting religious works.
- The two most interesting novels.
- The two most interesting books for children.

"To the competitor whose selection most nearly resembles that produced by a collation of all replies received a cheque for a guinea will be sent."

After an exhaustive examination of the ninety-eight lists sent in we find that the governing or plébiscite list comes out as follows:

	Biography.	Votes.
Graham Balfour. "Life of Robert Louis Stevenson." (Methuen.)	60	
S. Paget. "Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget" (Longmans.)	42	
	History.	
Andrew Lang. "The Mystery of Mary Stuart." (Longmans.)	62	
W. H. Fitchett. "Tale of the Great Mutiny." (Smith, Elder.)	14	
	Travel.	
H. Rider Haggard. "A Winter Pilgrimage." (Longmans.)	42	
E. S. Grogan and A. H. Sharp. "From the Cape to Cairo." (Hurst & Blackett.)	26	
	Religious.	
Rev. John Watson. "Life of the Master." (Hodder & Stoughton.)	41	
Rev. Principal Fairbairn. "Philosophy of the Christian Religion." (Hodder & Stoughton.)	24	
	Novels.	
Rudyard Kipling. "Kim." (Macmillan.)	70	
Lucas Malet. "History of Sir Richard Calmady." (Methuen.)	38	
	Children's Books.	
Andrew Lang. "Violet Fairy Book." (Longmans.)	49	
Carmen Sylva. "A Real Queen's Fairy Book." (Newnes.)	20	

The list which most nearly approximates to the above has been sent in by Mr. George Salmon, Lanherne, Chelston, Torquay. Mr. Salmon's list, containing nine out of the twelve books in the general selection, is as follows:

- "Life of R. L. Stevenson." (Graham Palfour)
- "Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget."
- "The Mystery of Mary Stuart." (Lang.)
- "The Tale of the Great Mutiny." (Fitchett.)
- "A Winter Pilgrimage." (Rider Haggard.)
- "Armenia—Travels and Studies."
- "The Life of the Master." (John Watson, D.D.)
- "Roads to Rome."
- "Kim."
- "Sir Richard Calmady."
- "The Violet Fairy Book."
- "The Woodpigeons and Mary." (Mrs. Molesworth.)

Continuing the plébiscite selection, we find that the next most popular books in each class are as follows:

	Biography.	
R. Barry O'Brien	...	"Lord Russell of Killowen"
H. Furness	...	"Confessions of a Caricaturist."
Hilaire Belloc	...	"Robespierre."
Leslie Stephen	...	"Life and Letters of John H. Green."
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